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THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

A FAMILY PAPER,

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☞ For particulars, see second page.

EDWIN TO ANNABEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Annabel, I send this broken
Ring and faded rose you gave—
Send them as a farewell token
That I will not be your slave.
With an honest love I wooed you,
With an honest faith I swore—
But your hasty promise rued you,
And you spurned me more and more.

Is John Willoughby my better?
True, my wealth were easier told,
But your faith, with mine, was debtor
In a higher sum than gold.
Be it leafless—be it flowery,
Tranquil fate I wish to you,
Broader hand may clasp your dowry,
But no broader heart could woo.

When forever I'm departed—
When I hear your voice no more,
Dare you think, oh, fickle-hearted,
Of the happier days of yore?
Of the dreams, now sadly banished,
That were born of brighter hours—
Of the hopes that bloomed and vanished,
Like the spring-time's faded flowers?

No, ah, no! my heart must languish
Through such memories alone,
Wedded to a fruitless anguish
By your plighted oath foregone—
Weak my heart is to regret you—
Shall we wail the April fled?
Go, be blest—I will forget you,
Or remember you—as dead!

Farther than yon lowland granges,
That in hazy distance lie—
Than yon shadowy mountain-ranges,
Melting in the morning sky—
Where the sea's wild arm outreaching,
Clasps a burning Eastern shore—
Where the desert wastes lie bleaching—
I am going—evermore!

Where the jungle's red-eyed thunder
Sheaths her lightning in the gloom
Of the palm-tree's tropic wonder,
And the fire-flags' crimson bloom—
Where the storm's black banners streaming,
Lash the dim East's murky blue,
I shall walk with calmer seeming
Than in gazing thus on you!

So! no more, no more forever,
I shall feel your clasping hand!
So, our lives are parted ever
By wild leagues of sea and land!
Now be blest—I will not blame you—
May your life *all* riches hold!
And *my* worship shall not shame you,
Since you measure worth by gold!

Hill-side, Md.

MY BROTHER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

CHAPTER XXV.

"THE ROAD TO RUIN."

"How, Theophile! and thus early?"

"Myself. Hardly hoped to find you awake, my brother. Have not been to bed all night myself. Not worth while, you will say, when I tell you that I was out till past three o'clock this morning. Society is a Maelstrom. Once in, you can never get out of it, and are whirled on faster and faster, till—"

"Till it swallows you up altogether!"

"Very true, very true. But I am not yet engulfed. By the way, you left us very early, Paul, the night of our *soiree*."

"Yes, I left early, and without having spoken to you once. How did you leave madame?"

"I really do not know. She was asleep when I left home."

"You have come to breakfast with me, Theophile?"

"No, thank you. I have no appetite this morning. The fact is, I—I came to ask you if you had another five thousand which you don't particularly want just now. My remittances will arrive to-morrow or next day, when you shall be repaid instantly."

All this was spoken rapidly and nervously; and I observed that he stood before the glass arranging his cravat, and avoiding my eyes as much as possible.

"Another five thousand!" I echoed, pushing back my chair, and fixing a searching glance upon his face. "Another five thousand! What can you want with such large and frequent sums?"

"*I* want nothing, my dear fellow," he returned, with a forced laugh. "The affair concerns my tradesmen! I have bought largely, pictures, statues, plants—"

"For the conservatory," I interrupted.

"Just so, for the conservatory," he continued, with the slightest possible shade of embarrassment in his tone. "And the *soiree* was an immense expense. Besides, there have been ornaments for my wife, horses, carriages, hotel bill. Really, I dread to think of what we have spent already!"

"It must cost you a great deal for horses, carriages, and jewelry," I remarked, dryly.

Theophile flushed crimson, up to the roots of his hair, and looked at me very earnestly. Seeing, however, that I maintained a perfect composure, he drew a long breath and resumed, though with a more constrained and anxious manner than before,

"Yes, we find the 'season' costs money; but we are rich, and we may as well use our wealth in moderation. But, to return to my first question—have you the five thousand francs to spare me this morning? I could ask Adrienne, for no doubt she has as much by her; but one doesn't like to borrow from one's wife."

"Why not? You but need to tell her how much you require, and for what you require it, and she loves you so much that I am sure that she would give it on the instant."

"Ah, yes—of course; but women do not understand these things; and— But if you do not wish to oblige me, I have no wish to press you. I should have thought my credit good with my own brother."

"It is not that, Theophile," I replied, very calmly. "You should be welcome to the money, if I had it; but I assure you I have not more than, if so much as, half that sum in my desk."

He colored up again, but this time it was with disappointment.

"You shall have two thousand francs, if they be of any use to you," I said, after a few minutes' pause, during which he had been pacing to and fro between the table and the window. "Surely that will suffice till you receive money."

"Thank you," he replied, somewhat stiffly. "I accept your kindness; and I hope to return all that I owe you before the week is out."

"You need not be so proud about it, Theophile. I would come to you if I wanted money to-morrow, and not deem myself under so very heavy an obligation when you had lent it. How proceed the repairs at Hauteville?"

My brother blushed again. It was strange how often he blushed this morning; but then, as a boy, his handsome, ingenuous face had always betrayed every transient emotion that flitted through his mind.

"Hauteville? Oh, tolerably, I believe. That is, I—I do not think they are doing much at present. Burgundy is a dull place."

"You did not think so when you first purchased the estate."

"True; but—but Adrienne has seen more of the world since then, and cares less for retirement. I may not keep Hauteville, after all."

"You amaze me! And our mother—?"

"Would, perhaps, be a little disappointed; but then she would soon be reconciled to the change. Besides, although I have talked of it, we may not give it up, you know."

"I earnestly hope not, Theophile," I replied, gravely. "You are our mother's darling, and you hold much of her happiness in your power. Going already? Stay, you must not forget your money. Here are the notes."

He crushed the papers into his pocket-book, wished me a hasty good day, and protesting vehemently against the trouble I took in seeing him to the door, sprang into his carriage and drove away.

Returning slowly and sadly to my room, I find a paper lying near the door—a little open note, on which a few words are written in a delicate female hand. So few are they, that, as I lift it from the ground, I read them at a glance—indeed, almost before I am aware of it.

"Why have you not been to-day *mon cheri*? I have expected you since noon, and it is now past midnight. Meet me in the *foyer* at eleven o'clock, to-morrow evening, and return with me to sup. I cannot ask you sooner, for we have a rehearsal during the day. Bring me some money; my *modiste* wearies me with importunities.

"Ever thy THERESE."

The letter bore the date of the previous day.

There were two entrances to the *foyer*—the one leading from the public part of the theatre, the other opening into the street. Through this outer door (which, properly speaking, should be called the stage entrance) the actors, musicians, officials, and certain privileged *habitues* passed to their various destinations behind the scenes; and hither, accordingly, I repaired about twenty minutes before the time appointed, for I judged that it was by this door my brother would come to the place of meeting.

It was a little side entrance opening into a dull, back street, and lighted by a powerful jet of gas. Just within the threshold I saw a young man sitting sleeping at a desk, with some papers and the fragments of a frugal supper lying before him. Hence a second door, which was occasionally opened by passers to and fro, revealed glimpses of a whitewashed, dreary-looking, bricked passage, also lighted by gas, and offering but few temptations as a means of transit.

Outside this place I paced slowly and methodically until he should arrive, only pausing at times to listen anxiously to the sound of distant wheels, or loitering now and then to glance at the clock above the head of the sleeper at the desk.

Watching and waiting—watching and waiting—what a weary task it was, and how every minute seemed the length of ten!

Yet I was not quite alone in my promenade, for on the opposite side of the street, sometimes pacing backwards and forwards, sometimes pausing and leaning against the wall, I saw a second loiterer. There were no gas-lamps in the street, and the night was so intensely dark, that I could distinguish nothing clearly; but his appearance seemed that of a man in the middle station of life—perhaps even a grade poorer. He was waiting, most likely, for his wife or sister—some ill-paid *coryphee* or chorus-singer. A wretched life! Somehow, despite my own cares, and all that I had to make me anxious, my thoughts having been once diverted into this channel, continued to flow there, and I found myself inventing a sequence of contingent probabilities—picturing his home, his children, the meagre furniture, the scanty meal to which they returned at night after the glare and weariness of the evening's performance. Thinking thus, I forgot the presence of the very man of whom I was thinking, and was only recalled to my original purpose by the sudden driving up and stopping of a hackney carriage at the stage door.

I sprang to the spot—a gentleman leaped out of the vehicle, and in an instant Theophile and I were face to face.

"Stay, my brother, stay! I know all—I found the letter—I am here to try and save you! Remember your wife—remember Adrienne!"

The light from the open doorway fell full upon his face. He stood quite still—his color came and went—his lips quivered—his whole attitude and countenance expressed the struggle of many feelings.

"You are ruining yourself, Theophile! I have known something of this for several days, but I abstained from speaking until now. Oh, that I may not be too late!"

Still silent—still down looking—still red and pale alternately.

"Not only for your fortune, but for your reputation, your happiness, your peace of mind, which are all in danger, I implore you to reflect!"

"I but act as others act," he said, in a suppressed tone. "Why should it be a greater crime in me than in them?"

An elegant close-carriage, with blazing lamps and prancing horses, drove up as he was speaking, and stopped before the door. The man at the desk woke up suddenly—the second door leading to the brick passage was flung open—a cry of "Madame Vogelsang's carriage!" was repeated by many voices, and several persons came hastening out, surrounding and escorting a lady whose features were almost concealed beneath the hood of a velvet opera-cloak, and who was leaning upon the arm of a repulsive-looking man with a profusion of red whiskers and moustachios.

A flash of anger passed over Theophile's features at this sight, and he took a forward step. I caught him by the arm.

"Stay! It is a madness!" I cried. "You know not what you do!"

"It *is* a madness," he rejoined, furiously, as he shook off my grasp like a roused lion. "It is a madness and my fate. Let me go!"

In another moment he had saluted her, and bestowing a haughty stare upon the red-whiskered escort, had offered his arm, handed her into the carriage, stepped in after her, and driven rapidly away.

As for me, I stood like a statue—frozen and motionless. Then my eyes fell upon the gentleman whose services had been superseded, and who yet remained standing upon the pavement where she had left him. His countenance was contracted into an expression of malignity and baffled shame, and his head was yet turned in the direction by which the carriage had disappeared. Presently the features relaxed—a sneering smile writhed on his lips—he ran his jewelled fingers lightly through his hair, and sauntered into the office, whistling softly. Then the clerk resumed his seat at the desk—the other loiterers, with the other gentlemen, retired back whence they came, and in a few seconds all was silent and empty as before.

A strange feeling of curiosity came over me—a feeling that I *must* learn the name of this man whose presence inspired Theophile with such open discourtesy and anger. I stepped forward, entered the room, and civilly asked the question.

The clerk smiled and looked surprised.

"His name is Lemaire—Monsieur Alphonse Lemaire."

"And his station?"

"He is the manager of this theatre."

I thanked him and turned towards the door. There was a pale face peering eagerly in and suddenly withdrawn—a pale face that gave me a sudden shock for which I was unable to account, and which for a moment struck me with a sensation like that of fear, as if I had seen a wraith—or rather, as if I had beheld it before under some strange and terrible circumstances that I could not remember. Perhaps in a bad dream—who could tell?

During a few seconds I stood still, with my eyes fixed upon the door, expecting every instant to see it return. Suddenly a suspicion flashed upon me—I thought of the loiterer upon the opposite footway—of the spy of a few nights since! It was plain that I was watched, and constantly. I uttered a hasty exclamation, flew to the door, and gazed eagerly up and down the street.

The man whom I sought was no longer keeping watch on the other side. He had crossed over, and was waiting in the shadow close against the wall, some few yards from the spot where I stood!

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ARROW IS FITTED TO THE BOW.

He made no attempt to elude me this time, but, to my surprise, stepped forward to meet me, and was the first to speak.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, quietly, touching his hat the while, "but might I ask the favor of a few minutes' conversation with you?"

"I was about to make the same request. Pray speak."

"You will allow me to put a few questions to you, sir?"

"Yes—on condition that I may afterwards use the same privilege."

"Agreed."

We had been standing, half-defyingly, face to face; but upon the conclusion of this brief treaty we involuntarily dropped side by side, and commenced walking leisurely to and fro in the shadow of the silent street. It was so dark that I could not see his features very distinctly; but they looked commonplace enough, and I could distinguish nothing of the expression and character that had struck me so forcibly a few moments since.

He recommenced.

"In the first place, then, were you not present at a *soiree* given in the Rue ——— on the 15th evening of the present month?"

"I was."

"Are you acquainted with the giver of that *soiree*?"

"Yes."

"Was that he with whom you were speaking to-night, just as Madame Vogelsang was coming out?"

"Why do you ask me these questions?"

"That is my business. Answer them, and I will answer yours. Such was our bargain."

"I will not answer the last till I know your motive for inquiring."

"Very well; then I will pass on to another."

There was something brief and matter-of-fact in his manner of speaking that did not altogether displease me; but I felt disposed to be equally brief and decisive with him. Every now and again I strove to see his face more plainly, and sought, by turning suddenly at times, to catch any return of the expression seen at first—but in vain. I observed, too, although he spoke with perfect fluency and propriety, that his pronunciation was slightly grating and peculiar, as if bearing traces of a foreign origin.

He went on.

"You are aware that Madame Vogelsang was present at that *soiree*, on the 15th?"

"Yes—I heard her sing."

"Did it appear to you that there was anything remarkable in her conduct that evening?"

"You must speak more clearly. I do not understand what you mean by 'anything remarkable.'"

"To be plain, then, anything light—anything wanton?"

After a momentary hesitation, I replied in the affirmative.

"Will you have the goodness to relate the circumstances to me?"

"Certainly not."

"You are afraid of implicating yourself?"

This was spoken somewhat harshly and satirically; but I took no notice of it, and replied more calmly than ever.

"For myself I fear nothing; but I have neither the right nor the inclination to betray the errors of others."

"Good; I perceive that you are cautious. One more question, however: Was this conduct (which you admit to have observed) open and unconcealed—visible to all eyes, or only to your own?"

"I believe it to be known only to myself and to a friend who happened to be with me at the time."

"The same with whom you left the house that night?"

"—When you followed us? Yes."

"True; when I followed you, and you hunted me. But let that pass; I want to know all that you saw."

"I have already refused to tell it to you."

"At least tell me who this *preux chevalier* may be upon whom the chaste Therese bestows her favors, 'secret, sweet, and stolen!' Is it not he with whom you were speaking by yonder door, some ten or twenty minutes since?"

There was something more than harshness, brevity, or satire in the voice now. There was a deep inner vibration, as if of some vital string. I was startled. Might I not already have said too much? Might I not be on the brink of betraying Theophile to a deadly foe? Suppose that this man were a— I shuddered.

"I will reply to no more of your questions," I said, hurriedly. "I am sorry that I have answered any. Who and what are you? By what right do you hang upon my footsteps? Why do you waylay, and spy, and follow after me? You were watching me the other night—you watched me to-night. What is your purpose? How do I or my movements concern you? Are you a *mouchard*?"

The word *mouchard*, so offensive in a Frenchman's ears, seemed neither to sting nor annoy him. Indeed, I almost doubt whether he even observed it, for he still sauntered on beside me in the same unmoved, meditative manner, with his head a little bent and his eyes fixed on the ground. He never once looked up as I uttered this passionate rush of words, and was silent for several minutes after I had ceased speaking.

At length he replied, yet so musingly that it seemed less a reply than an answering to his own thoughts.

"I expected this," he said. "It is natural that you should feel angry and suspicious. I was not such a fool as to think you would be cross-questioned in this fashion. I only did it to try you."

"To try me?"

"Ay. Suppose now that I knew, if not all, at least the greater part of the information I have been asking from you—What then?"

"What then? Why you are content, I suppose; and can have no further occasion for interrogating me," I replied, stiffly; for I saw in this supposition only a trap for the disclosure of all that I had refused to tell.

"Not so; I still require your aid and confidence. Suppose now—for the sake of argument—that I know precisely in what position you stand to the giver of that *soiree*?"

I started and was silent. My companion gave a short dry chuckle, as if enjoying my perplexity, and went on,

"Suppose I know that you and he are brothers—that you are both from Burgundy—that he is lately married?"

"Supposing that you do," I retorted, impatiently, "you are no wiser than half the tradespeople and visitors in Brussels. It is no more than you might have learnt from servants with less than half the trouble you have taken to watch me!"

"Precisely so," he replied, in the same tone of quiet self-possession and authority; "precisely so. It is just what I *have* learnt from servants and tradesmen, and it was not to ascertain those facts at all that I have taken upon myself the office of your shadow. What I require from you is your confidence and co-operation, and a detailed account of all that you know respecting the *liaison* between your brother and Madame Vogelsang the singer. This I have determined to obtain. I have waited and watched for an opportunity of speaking alone with you. The other night you were, as you just stated, in the company of a friend. I followed you in the hope that you would part with him somewhere, and end your walk alone—on the contrary, you both turned round and pursued me. Of course I ran for it. What I had to say was for you alone, and I did not choose to be questioned. To-night everything has happened well. I have even seen your meeting with your brother—heard your expostulations—seen him drive away with her side by side—in short, gained ample confirmation of my suspicions and the current rumor. Still I have occasion for you. There has been much done with which I am unacquainted, and which you must tell me. There is much to be done, wherein you must assist me. You see that it is my wish to be frank with you. Be the same with me."

Frank indeed! Despite the anxiety with which this strange dialogue inspired me, I could scarcely forbear a smile at these words. A peculiar sort of frankness, where he preserved the strictest incognito himself and exacted the fullest confidence from me!

Finding that I replied not, he spoke again.

"Tell me all that you noted between them on the night of the *soiree*."

"Between whom?"

"Your brother and the singer."

"I never said that there was a *liaison* between them. What right have you to suppose it is he? You know that he is married; married to a woman whom he loves!"

"Of course you say so at first; but you forget what I saw and heard in this very street to-night."

I was dumb.

"Besides which," he continued, "I have watched her, too, and I have watched her house. I have seen him go in and out at strange hours—I have marked the increasing splendor in which she lives—I have seen the chariot and the cream-colored ponies which he sent to her, and I know from whom they were purchased. More than this, I know that he is plunging blindly into ruin, and that he is already in debt and in difficulties. With all these things I am more fully acquainted than yourself."

There was, to me, something almost appalling in this man's cool dispassionate *resume* of all that touched me most nearly. I recoiled from his narrative of patient, business-like espial, which, like a dissecting knife, laid open the anatomy of that infected spot which I would have given half my fortune to keep secret!

Tortured by an anxiety which had become almost desperate, I suddenly stood quite still, seized him forcibly by the arm, and stooping down to the level of his face, for he was somewhat shorter than myself, said fiercely,

"Who and what are you? Speak, or, by the fiend, I shall do you some mischief!"

He first made an attempt to disengage himself from my grasp, and then, finding the effort useless, looked up at me composedly, and said,

"What am I? Why, a man like yourself, to be sure."

"Why do you pry after my brother, and what are his courses to you? Who are you?"

"Let me go first, and I will tell you."

"No, by Heaven! you shall not escape me this time! Till you speak, you are my prisoner."

"Just as you please. I do not open my lips again till I am free."

He was perfectly calm and undismayed as he said this, and, looking steadily forward at the angle of a building close at hand, seemed utterly unconscious of my presence, my threats, or my hold upon his arms. For several minutes we stood thus. Talus himself could not have been more impassible. I might as well have tried to intimidate the brazen figure on the belfry of the Hotel de Ville. I saw that it was vain for us to stand here like two statues, so I released him sullenly, and waited for his explanation.

He laughed again—the same dry chuckle as before. At the farthest extremity of the street, where it opened into the broad thoroughfare leading to the front of the theatre, there stood a solitary lamp. To this he pointed, and beneath it he stopped.

"Look at me," said he, removing his hat and smiling grimly. "Look at me well. Now, who do you suppose I am?"

His face was pale, and, though it gave me the impression of belonging to a younger man than I had previously supposed him, was deeply furrowed around the mouth and eyes. The forehead was knotted, care-lined, somewhat contracted at the temples, and prominent over the eyes—his hair was thick, and sprinkled prematurely with gray. He wore neither beard nor moustache, and stooped in the shoulders like an aged man. At the utmost, as I guessed, he could not be much past thirty, and yet his aspect was withered, neglected, trouble-worn.

I looked at him with a painful interest. There was something in the face which I almost pitied—something not wholly strange to me, as it seemed. Where had I seen that singular expression before? I could not solve it—I sighed—I shook my head.

"I cannot imagine who you are," I replied; "but I seem to have seen you before—somewhere—some time long ago—in a dream."

"No, you havn't," he said shortly, replacing his hat and leaning back against the lamp-post. "I've seen and watched you these several days past; but we have never been face to face with each other before this minute."

There was another brief pause. He seemed reluctant to speak, and drew his breath quickly once or twice as if in the effort to say something which it annoyed him to reveal. Then, turning suddenly towards me and looking up, as if to mark the effect of his words upon my countenance, he said:—

"*I am the husband of Madame Vogelsang.*"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at my feet, I could scarcely have been more dismayed. I staggered back a step, and stared at him blankly. The husband of Madame Vogelsang! And Theophile?—A confused dread of vengeance—exposure—shame, swept over me and paralysed my very powers of speech and breathing.

He looked at me for some time in silence; then, with a somewhat gentler mien—"Well," he said, "does that surprise you? Have you nothing to say? Why, who else should I be, to take so much trouble about the matter?"

"And you are the Herr Vogelsang?"

"Eh?—ah, yes—I am the Herr Vogelsang. It is an honorable title to bear, is it not? Don't you envy me my wife—my charming, chaste, devoted Therese?"

Again the deep, bitter, vibrating tone that had struck me so before. It made me cold at heart to hear it now.

"Alas, Theophile!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

He turned sharply and looked at me again.

"I mean no harm to him," he said, harshly and quickly. "I should not have spoken to you, or told you what I have, if that were my intention. I know the character of that woman too thoroughly to need any explanation of how the affair began. She entangled him—seduced him—preys upon him now, like a beautiful vampire. He is not to blame. I wish to save him, if it can be done."

I could scarcely believe my ears for wonder and joy at hearing this—an inexpressible sense of relief came over me, and I breathed again more freely. My countenance must have expressed something of this, for my companion's voice assumed a less austere accent, and his communications became more unreserved.

"I married her," said he, gloomily, "when I was little more than a boy. Her father had been my father's oldest friend, and although she was a year or two my senior, the match had been agreed upon from our childhood upwards. I never cared for her; but the thing seemed so certain, so inevitable, and I had heard it discussed for so many years, that I never thought to oppose it, even in a dream. Every year she grew more beautiful; yet every year I conceived a greater distaste for her. I told my father this, and he entreated me, with tears, to banish such feelings and ideas forever from my mind. His oldest friend, and her father, he said, had been consoled on his deathbed by the prospect of this union. The old promises had been renewed in that solemn moment. It was as a favor, nay, as a right, that he demanded from me the fulfilment of an engagement entered upon in my name while I was yet an infant. I loved my father. I yielded. I married her. From that day I date the degradation of my judgment; the abnegation of my manhood's royalty. We were poor, and she was a public singer—an actress—a faithless wife—a—well, no matter—we have been parted many years. She, beautiful and infamous, revels in luxury and applause. I, laden with dishonor, poor, comfortless, and unhappy, lead a wretched, wandering, aimless, homeless life, without a hope for the future or a regret for the past."

There was an inexpressible melancholy in the tone in which this was said—a tone so sad and

so subdued, that I was tempted to hazard a few words of sympathy and consolation.

He laughed—a bitter, sardonic laugh—and shook his head haughtily.

"I want no pity," he said. "All I seek is justice, and justice I will have. How pleasant it is when justice and vengeance are one!"

"Vengeance!" I repeated.

"Yes, vengeance. Now listen to me. When my wife (how well it sounds—my wife!) first fled from my roof, she robbed me. Robbed me, not only of money and jewels, but of the title deeds of a small property to which I had succeeded in establishing some claim after a protracted litigation. This was about two months before the last and final hearing of my cause in the law courts of Vienna. No one knew whither she had fled with her paramour; every search was useless, and my cause was lost for want of the necessary documents. For years I never heard even the echo of her name. She was as completely lost to the world as if the ground had opened beneath her feet and engulfed her. About six months since, she emerged from her seclusion, and reappeared upon the Viennese stage. I was in England at the time, and knew nothing of it. She created a *furore*—went from Vienna to Munich—from Munich to Berlin—Dresden—Frankfort. I heard it all by the merest chance. I travelled from England to Vienna with the speed of an avenger. I found no difficulty in proving her identity, for there were many there who had seen and known her both then and now. My first step was to lodge an accusation against her for the abstraction of papers and other valuables—my next to follow her from place to place, (always finding myself, by some luckless chance, a day, or, perhaps, only a few hours, too late,) and at last to discover her here, in this town of Brussels, in my power—in my power, whenever I choose to exercise it!"

"How can she be in your power, even now?"

"I do not speak without reason, sir," said he, impatiently. Then, as if correcting himself,—"I have that with me which, once produced, will compel her to leave this place and return forthwith to Vienna. An injunction from the government. An injunction which she, as an Austrian subject, cannot choose but obey—which can call her from the stage before the eyes of the audience, if I so please; and for the enforcement of which, if she resist it, I can claim the aid of the Belgian authorities. Now do you comprehend me? Now do you see how I can aid you, and save your brother from utter ruin?"

I held out my hand to him in the impulse of my gratitude; but he appeared not to notice it, and I allowed it to drop unheeded by my side.

"Still I cannot understand why you should have sought me, or have cared to interfere between my brother and this woman," I said, inquiringly.

He looked down and bit his lip.

"The question is natural," he said, at length. "But I scarcely like to answer it. The confession is an ugly one. Yet it must out. I hated her," he continued, very swiftly and passionately, "before I married her. But, once wed, once surrounded by the hourly fascinations of her presence, once master of all her loveliness, I—I was fool enough to—"

"To love her!" I exclaimed.

"Ay," he muttered, sullenly, changing at once from the excited tone in which he had just spoken. "Ay—to love her! Curses on me that I should have ever loved a thing so vile! Curses on me that I should love her still, and take a dainty vengeance in wresting her from her handsome lover! Her handsome lover with the white hands and the curling hair! Pshaw! this is sheer folly. But my plan and my motive!—yes, that is what you seek to know—that is why I have sought you, confided in you, plagued you with this dull story. Listen. My vengeance would be no vengeance, if it did not part them utterly. I could not accomplish this without your aid; and to do it is your interest as well as mine. Do you understand me?"

"Not quite. I know what you mean; but I do not see how we can prevent the continuation of their intercourse. I fear that he would follow her. He is mad. He confessed to me to-night that it was his 'fate.'"

"Precisely. Then all that we have to do is, to strike the blow suddenly—to keep him in ignorance till it is over, and never to let him know what has become of her."

"Impossible! He sees her daily."

"To contrive his absence for a day, or even two days, must be your share of the scheme. I will undertake to achieve the rest. On his return, he shall find her gone. The manager must be bought—the officials must be bought—complete secresy, secresy at any price, must be secured! To judge from that manager's face to-night, I should say that it would not be difficult to enlist him in our service."

"I see it all! Nothing could be better. When shall it be done? Let us lose no time!"

I was excited, flushed, and spoke rapidly.

"No—no," said he, quietly, "not yet. Let us wait awhile, till we have matured our scheme together, and laid the train surely. Besides, I would rather your mind were familiarized with it, and your nerves steadied to the task first. One false step would lose all."

"But in the meantime this thing is going on! Theophile is being ruined, and your wife—"

"My wife, sir," he interrupted, "may go on as she will till the moment of retribution comes; and as for your brother, a few days more or less cannot either save or beggar him. A vengeance such as mine can wait—is the sweeter for delay."

I submitted; but I sighed as I submitted.

"And now," said he, "we have said enough for to-night. It grows late, and I already see a grey tint in the sky, which looks like coming day. If you will meet me again to-morrow night we can consult afresh. What say you to Le Roi Fainéant of Ixelles, at ten o'clock in the evening? It is a quiet little out-of-the-way inn and brasserie, about a couple of miles out of town. We shall be safe and undisturbed enough there!"

"As you please: but why at night, and so far?"

"Can you ask why? Ah, I forget that you are no conspirator! Well, then, do you not see that I must keep myself concealed? That if she knew of my presence all our plot would be endangered? I have not dared to venture in any place where I should be likely to encounter her. I have scarcely stirred out, save at night, or dared to take exercise, save in the country suburbs, ever since my arrival in Brussels. A stab, to fulfil its errand, must fall suddenly and in the dark. Good night to you, sir."

He touched his hat as when he first spoke to me, turned away suddenly from my side, and almost before I could tell in which direction he had vanished, plunged into the shadow and disappeared.

For some time I remained standing where he had left me, stupified by the crowd of thoughts and emotions which his language and presence had aroused within me. His pale, care-worn face; his strange story; the espial which he had exercised over me; the plot which he had unfolded; the peculiar influence with which he had swayed me during the interview—all combined to trouble, to excite, to oppress me. I felt myself, as it were, a tool in his hands. His face and voice haunted me. I could not forget the expression of his features as he watched me from the doorway when I had entered the little office inside the stage-entrance of the theatre. The whole thing seemed to me like a dream—or rather the dream of a dream; for I could not rid myself of the impression that I had seen him before, at some sad and remote time or other. Himself seemed to me almost as a phantom. I tried to remember that I ought to feel gratitude—joy—relief from what I had learnt and undertaken. I almost hated myself for the unutterable melancholy that had fallen upon me the instant he was gone from my side, and for the hopeless, dreary feeling with which I contemplated the future. It was as if I felt the spell of some approaching danger, and ever, as I threaded the solitary streets leading to my home, in the grey morning, I murmured to myself:

"Oh, that it were to be done to-morrow! Oh, that it were to be done to-morrow!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMB'R 10, 1859

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The first year's subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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REJECTED COMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Howitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne.	Florence Percy.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
Author of "The Scout."	Mrs. M. A. Denison. Author of "My Last Cruise."
	Author of "The Ebony Casket," &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

THE BALLOT.

Mr. Richard Cobden, the celebrated Free Trader, is a warm advocate of the system of voting by ballot, and greatly desires its introduction into England. In the course of a recent speech at Rochdale, he read an extract from a letter written to him by Mr. Josiah Randall, of this city, to the following effect:—

"I have been for fifty years connected with political and party movements in Philadelphia, and I never knew a vote bought or sold."

Mr. Randall, being an honorable man, probably never has had a case of bribery come within his personal knowledge; but if he meant to imply by his language to Mr. Cobden, that he had had no good reason for believing, during a political experience of fifty years, that the first vote was ever bought and sold in this city, he is probably about the only politician among us who would be able to make such an assertion.

The ballot has its advantages doubtless, but it also has its great disadvantages. It offers peculiar facilities for fraud, as by the abstraction of a certain number of votes at random from the ballot-box, and the substitution in their place of the same number of ballots all of one description. The history of American elections—Philadelphia elections not excluded—abounds with such frauds. In fact, it is very doubtful that there has been a perfectly fair election in this city during the last twenty years. Where men come up to the election ground, and vote by word of mouth for certain candidates, there can be little if any cheating in the returns, for every man who can count can tell at any moment precisely how the vote stands. The only mode by which the election can be unfairly affected, is by bribery—but, with the ballot system, bribery can not only be just as effectively used, but other more potent and fraudulent, and less expensive means can be resorted to. Whatever in other respects the guilt of bribery, it does not defeat the expressed will of the electors—but ballot-box stuffing, and kindred arts, make an election an absolute nullity. Mr. Cobden says that in America, "nobody cares to buy a vote and pay for it, when he does not know that he has got value in exchange." Mr. Cobden is grossly in error as to the facts. The votes are bought, the voters are led up to the polls—often half-drunk—ballots are then placed in their hands, and they are closely watched till those ballots are deposited.

For our own part, while we admit that the secret ballot may be an excellent system in some lands, we do not think its use is altogether in character with the independent and manly spirit that should distinguish freemen. In Kentucky and Virginia, the vote is open, and not by secret ballot; and the philosophic foreigner will not be surprised to learn that the Virginians and Kentuckians have the characteristics of manliness and high spirit in rather an unusual degree. In fact, the secret ballot, though it may be useful to a people who have not fully secured their liberties, is not a system in itself to be admired. What men can do secretly and sneakingly, they often will do meanly. How many corrupt actions of legislative bodies, are defeated by the call for the yeas and nays. And yet, if the system of secret voting be good for the electors, why not for the elected? He is not worthy of the name of freeman, who fears to stand up boldly at the polls, and declare for whom he votes. What then are the uses of the secret ballot—except to allow an excellent opportunity for all kinds of secret roguery. If there were no secret ballot, the vocation of the double ticket voter, the ballot box stuffer, the false return manufacturer, &c., &c., would be gone. Nothing would be left then for the unscrupulous politician but the bribery of electors—a rather expensive game on a large scale, as the returns of the English elections show. Fifty dollars used in bribery may change, on an average, perhaps ten votes—the same amount adroitly used in ballot box stuffing, may alter the return by several hundreds.

We trust, in conclusion, that Mr. Cobden, before he sets up as a model, before his fellow countrymen, the secret ballot system of the United States, will institute a few inquiries into the statistics of some of our many contested elections. If he has a fondness for Philadelphia, the celebrated contest in which Mr. Reed, the late Minister to China, played so active and successful a part, a few years ago, will furnish him with new ideas as to the use and easy abuse of the ballot. He evidently is very ignorant of the practical workings of that system; and we fear his tour through the United States, instead of aiding in enlightening him upon the subject, has only confirmed him in his ignorance. The Americans are a good deal like other people; whatever we may acknowledge among ourselves, we are bound together in a mutual league, to cover out of sight the failings and deficiencies of our household furniture from the eyes of distinguished visitors. If he will pay a second visit to America—coming not as the distinguished Mr. Cobden, but as plain and unknown John Bull—and call at the office of THE POST the *very next* morning after his arrival, we will introduce him to a few active ward politicians, who will enlighten him sufficiently in the course of a few short hours upon the practical workings of the ballot system, at the primary meetings, and state and general elections of this Democratic country, to cause his hair (if he has any) to stand erect, *a la* General Jackson, for the remainder of his natural life.

☞ An heir is wanted for the Sherburne estate, the seat of which family was Stonyhurst, England. It is valued at from ten to twenty millions sterling. It is an entailed property, descending to the eldest son. The family left England during the year 1680. It was left without an heir by the death of the eighth Duchess of Norfolk, without issue.

The Sherburnes, and all the relatives of the Sherburnes, to whom this paper may come, are hereby informed that the above paragraph contains all that we know, or expect to know, upon the matter in question. It will be therefore entirely useless to write to us soliciting further and fuller information. Our own little property of some hundred millions or so of pounds sterling, requires all the time and energy that we can spare for efforts in the "lost heir" direction. Generous offers even of one-half the money recovered, will not tempt us to forsake our legitimate business, to forward the just claims of the Sherburnes, or of any other family. There are gentlemen whose pleasure it is to aid in the furtherance of all such claims—for a consideration—and we should not be surprised if they were the original fountains from which (when business is dull) such frequent paragraphs as the one we have quoted flow. We have not the least knowledge, however, of the names and characters of these gentleman, and therefore can give no information upon the subject. But if any of our subscribers has a few hundred dollars to spare, probably he can find plenty of claim agents to ease him of the burden.

CARLYLE NOT AT FAULT.—We alluded in our last paper to an apparent mistake in Thomas Carlyle's published letter to Mr. Allibone, in which reference is made to the "Apostle *Paul's* sheet of beasts." We learn now, on good authority, that the mistake was in the setting up of the letter by the printer, and that it does not exist in the letter itself—Mr. Carlyle having written clearly and distinctly the "Apostle *Peter*." However pleasing it may be to blundering mediocrity to know that even Jove himself sometimes nods, it will be more pleasing doubtless to the many "hero-worshippers" of Carlyle, to know that their Jove has not nodded in this instance.

THE FRENCH AMNESTY.

Every one will be pleased to hear that Louis Napoleon has proclaimed a general amnesty for political offences, and that two government steamers have left France for Algeria and Guiana, to bring back all *who remain alive* of the political convicts at those places. In two Departments alone, the number of those banished, transported, or imprisoned at home, is set down at three thousand. The terms of the amnesty are said to include even such men as Victor Hugo, Changarnier, Blanqui, and Louis Blanc. Ledru Rollin however, who was convicted as an accomplice in the attempted assassination of the Emperor, would probably find it very unsafe to enter France. Louis Blanc has already published a letter in the English papers, in which he gives his reasons for declining to avail himself of the amnesty, so long as France remains a despotism. In truth, we think any of the Republican leaders would act a very foolish part, to place their heads in the lion's mouth, unless they had made up their minds resolutely to abstain from any political movements in future. Doubtless they would be closely watched, and the least suspicious action be construed as a proof of some revolutionary design, and then they would wish that they were safely on English soil again. There is a little song, beginning,

"'Will you walk into my parlor,'
Said the spider to the fly,"

which we would commend to the careful reading of the French exiles, before they resolve to take advantage of the amnesty. They may find it a great deal easier getting into Paris than out of it.

The *London Times* sees in this proclamation of an amnesty for all old political offences, the proof that Louis Napoleon now feels strong enough to be generous. Others may see in it a desire to recover the popularity lost by the Treaty of Villa Franca. Besides, it may simply be a very adroit ruse to win a character for magnanimity, at little risk. In fact, as we have already suggested, the amnesty has its great advantages, in case it is generally accepted by the Republican leaders. They can do Louis Napoleon less injury in France, than out of France—for out of France they are free to plot and plan; in France the sword of State, or rather the axe of the guillotine, would be suspended constantly over their heads.

Some may say that we should always view an action in the best light of which it is susceptible, and not look below the surface for possibly selfish motives. But when a seemingly generous action emanates from a mind which is generally acknowledged to be cold, cautious and crafty, we do not choose to be lavish of our praises. No sensible man trusts too far the smooth velvet of the tiger's paw. He may often do the tiger great injustice by his suspicions—but he cannot help those suspicions. There never can be any real or genuine peace between the French *Republicans* and Louis Napoleon *Emperor*—because it is a quarrel of principles, not of persons. Every treaty of peace between them necessarily must be broken, until one party or the other is conquered. Therefore, an amnesty, worthy of the name, is not possible, in the very nature of things, for it cannot grant that liberty of speech and action which is claimed, without endangering the despotism which grants it.

BARTLETT PEARS.—We have received from Mr. John Perkins, of Fairview Nursery, Moorestown, New Jersey, some samples of his Bartlett Pears—an *article* not difficult to find *space* for. Mr. Perkins says he has Dwarf Pear Trees for sale, which will bear precisely such pears as he sends us.

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Many of our readers must have heard of, and read the books and listened to the lectures of, the Rev. WILLIAM H. MILBURN, sometimes called "the blind preacher." The best book on our table this week is one of his, entitled THE YEARS OF PREACHER LIFE. (Derby & Jackson, New York.) Eloquent, humorous, graphic, pictorial—these are among the epithets that describe it. It has at once the odor of the stump and the odor of the lamp, for the life of the refined scholar hunting upon the shining trails of thought, and the life of the backwoods preacher exhorting, with a ring of uncouth forms and faces of tan and freckles, around him, both meet in its pages. Mr. Milburn is no partialist, but has touched life at opposite ends. A rose is good to smell, and he is good to smell it. So, too, a droll story is good to tell, and he is good to tell it. Aside from the graphic glimpses the book affords of men and manners in the west and south-west, and among the picturesque varieties of American society generally—there is a fund of fun alone, which would amply repay the reader. What life-like sketches it has, too, of that athletic, deep-hearted, fervent and jovial race of Methodist preachers, with Peter Cartwright and the like of him at their head—men that we may not match in Saxon history short of the jolly, rough-and-ready Franciscan preaching friars of the twelfth century. Around such men as these, the book laughs out in anecdote and mirthful reminiscence. The story of Peter Cartwright lodged by the careless clerk at the very top of a New York hotel, ringing for a hatchet that he might "blaze" his way down through the intricate and interminable passages to the office, is no doubt familiar to our readers. Another good one is of the incorrigible sinner who, under the protracted preaching of the powerful Dr. Akers, got up to leave the house. "Stop, sir!" shouted the preacher after him, "I am not through yet." "Go on, sir," retorts the man of sin, "I am going to dinner, and shall be back long before you get through!" Good, too, are the reminiscences of an old preacher who accompanied the author in his circuits, and being an ardent admirer of Dr. Johnson's style, sometimes perpetrated a Johnsonianism like this:—"The small particle of the aqueous fluid which trickles from the visual organ over the lineaments of the countenance, betokening grief." Calling in the brethren to dinner, his grave summons was:—"Come friends, bitee are about to be distributed." Sometimes he assisted his humor with these mighty words, as when requesting an old man who was choking the assembly with dense clouds of rank tobacco smoke, to lay by his pipe, he said, "Venerable sir, the affumegation arising from the deleterious effluvia emanating from your tobacconistic reservoir, so overshadows the organistic power of our ocular, and so obfuscates our atmospheric validity that our apparati must shortly be obtruned, unless through the abundant suavity of your eminent politeness you will disembogue the aluminous tube of the stimulating and sternutatory ingredient that replenishes its concavity!"

An amusing anecdote is told of the preacher Chauncy Hobart, a large man, who stopped one day at a frontier cobbler's, to get his boots repaired, when a fellow glancing at his feet, exclaimed, "Well I never! Stranger, I resign in your favor." "I beg your pardon," said the divine, "I don't comprehend you." "Howsomdever notwithstanding," replied the other, "I will resign to you. You see, I've always been called President of the Track Society in these parts, because the people said my feet was as large as spades; but I give in, for I swear I never see a man of such powerful understanding as you."

The social physiognomy of our country is thus described, and with considerable accuracy:—

In Boston the test question as to a man is, What does he know? In New York, What is he worth? In Philadelphia, Who are his relations? In Baltimore, Has he a good digestion? In Washington, How many votes can he command? In Charleston, Who was his grandfather? In Cincinnati, How many hogs does he kill? In Chicago, How many "corner lots" does he own? In St. Louis, Has he an interest in the Fur Company? In New Orleans, south of Canal street, How much cotton does he sell? North of Canal street, How does he dance and dress? In Mobile, Is he a man of good manners?

These are average specimens of our author's vivacities. The graver portions of the book we must let speak for themselves. The anecdotes and sketches of the statesmen at Washington, where Mr. Milburn was Chaplain to Congress, the reminiscences of that star of oratoric tournament, Sargent S. Prentiss, the stories of the Mike Fink keel-boatmen, and many other parts of the volume, are capital.

We noticed lately RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANO FORTE, (Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston,) and again recommend it to the attention of students of music. It has plates showing the position of the hands and fingers in playing, and contains the rudiments of harmony and thorough-bass, in addition to the ordinary course of instruction. When so many people are learning to play on the piano, it is important to have good teaching, and that, we dare say, this treatise can supply.

THE HISTORY OF HERODOTUS (who has the honor of being the Father of History still, despite the efforts of the skeptics of a past generation to unseat him,) is a classic, and the standard edition is that of Beloe; but the new edition of Rawlinson is now the best. (Published by Appleton, New York.) Greek scholarship has materially advanced since Beloe's day, and Rawlinson's is now the most accurate translation. Then, too, it embodies a vast mass of notes and appendices, and all the chief historical and ethnographical results obtained by the laborious researches of modern scholarship; so that it is invaluable to the student.

The Patent Office Report on AGRICULTURE, for 1858, is published, and has much matter of interest and value to farmers. The introductory essay on "Agricultural Education," is particularly suggestive, and even more so a paper on "The Causes and Effects of the Diminution of American Crops." Notwithstanding the natural fertility of our soil, its average product, the author shows, is much below that of China, France, England, Scotland, Belgium, and other countries. The cause is that agriculture is carried on in a loose and careless manner, over a too great extent of surface, large tracts of land being within the reach of the farmer, at a very low price. This in turn, makes laborers scarce at harvest time, so that much of the crop is wasted. The land, too, not being properly prepared for seed, a greater quantity is required at each sowing, which is another loss. Then large farms make sparse population and a consequent excess of birds and animals, which destroy the farmer's crops and stock. Manures, too, are recklessly wasted; so the soil becomes gradually impoverished. Science and system in the management of the farm, are also sadly lacking throughout the West, and constitute serious causes of agricultural deficiencies. For instance sheep-raising is highly profitable, yet many prominent Western farmers have been compelled to relinquish it on account of the dogs and wolves. Then, the neglect of scientific tillage, rotation of crops, etc., limits the harvest. Such are the main points in the essay, which certainly deserves respectful consideration, as the agricultural reader will allow.

RAW MEAT IN THE DIARRHŒA OF CHILDREN.—We desire to call the attention of our readers to the excellent effects of raw meat in the colliquative diarrhœa of children, in the hands of Dr. Weisse, of St. Petersburg. Seventeen years ago, Dr. Weisse called the attention of the profession to this subject, and since that time numerous writers have confirmed his views. The meat is reduced to a pulp, by scraping, and given, to the exclusion of all other treatment. Considering the great prevalence of the disease at the present time, and the ease with which the treatment can be adopted, we think it would be well worth while to try the experiment. We would also recall to mind that the same remedy has been found of much efficacy in various diseases of the stomach, accompanied with difficult digestion, in adults as well as in children.—*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*

☞ A STARTLING ANAGRAM.—The New York Albion says that the name so much in men's mouths, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, may, by transposition of the letters be converted into *An open plot—arouse, Albion!*

☞ "The Professor," in the last number of the Atlantic Monthly, "gets off" the following clever epigram:

"Quoth Tom, 'Though fair her features be,
It is her figure pleases me.'
'What may her figure be?' I cried;
'*One hundred thousand*' he replied."

TO SKELETONIZE LEAVES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Take well formed and perfect leaves, that, when held up to the light, show the veins distinctly, and place them in a vessel of clean water. Be careful not to select any, the veins of which are nearly parallel, like those of the Peony, Lily of the Valley, &c. There is a great difference in the texture of various leaves, which can be ascertained only by continued experiments, but, as a general rule, we may remark that succulent or juicy ones will not answer, while the leaves of forest trees, the ivy, flowering shrubs and fruit trees are to be preferred.

They should remain in water from six to ten weeks; according to the tenacity with which the green pulp adheres to the veins or skeleton of the leaf. When, on examination, we find that the green substance *slips*, they should be taken out very carefully, one by one, (*not* by the stem, which is easily broken off,) and placed upon a plate or saucer. Water from a hydrant can then be allowed to fall upon them, and in many cases, it will remove the green, rotten pulp without breaking the veins. A stiff camel hair pencil will be found useful in removing those parts that have not yielded to the dashing of the water. When entirely cleaned, dry them with sheets of blotting paper and lay them between the leaves of a book, until a sufficient assortment is collected.

Some seed vessels of plants, when treated in the same way, are even more beautiful than the leaves. The poppy, Jamestown or stinkweed, and a few others, are examples.

When perfectly clean, the leaves and seed vessels should be bleached for two days in a solution of chloride of lime, and after being dried, can be arranged, according to fancy, upon a cushion made of dark velvet, which should be protected from the dust by a glass shade. J. C.

THE BELLE OF THE SEASON.

Yes, she is very beautiful, with sunlight in her glancing;
Her coral lips are parted to a music low and sweet;
The grace of all her movements swells to triumph in her dancing,
And like snowflakes on the flooring fall her dainty sandalled feet.

Yes, she is very beautiful, and favored ones are round her,
With eyes that look her being through—and hers not turned away—
Still I would their homage seemed not so all-powerless to confound her,
That a blush were on her fair cheek at the burning words they say.

For the dance are many suppliants: to win her hand's a labor;
There was one, I saw, who claim'd it, but she look'd him queenly down;
There were coronets in waiting, he was but a country neighbor,
Who was he who dared ambition such a pride of place in town?

Who was he? Her childhood's playmate; nay, perhaps her childhood's lover;
One whose pride was in her beauty, and her conquests, nothing more;
With her woodlands murmuring round her, and her pure home-skies above her,
She will gladden him again, perchance, with greeting as of yore.

What is there in this atmosphere we call the world of fashion,
That robs the heart at dawning of its innocence and truth?
There's calm of cold indifference, there's storm of of summer passion,
But no bright springtide wavelets for the tender barque of youth.

The chestnut-trees in Aubrey Park were white when first I knew her,
And sweet broom-scented breezes came sweeping up the glen;
The brightest things in nature seem'd to throng her path to woo her;
They brought her all the flattery that thrill'd her spirit then.

Two summers silver-blossoming have brighten'd and have faded
Since I met her in her morning's prime, half-woman and half-child,
With the modest little bonnet that her violet eyes o'ershaded,
And the maiden blush that mantled on her features when she smiled.

She came down to the gray old church when Sabbath bells were ringing,
She came down calm and thoughtful through the arching linden-trees,
School-faces clustering round her, as her clear voice led the singing,
And the dim reply of angels as her fingers swept the keys.

Round the jasmined cottage porches there was childhood's happy laughter;
For each she had some tender look, some kindly word to say;
She enter'd in; it seem'd, they said, a blessing follow'd after,
To cheer the poor sick pallet when her footfall died away.

Oh, they changed her when they brought her here, with a change that passes telling;
A countess stood her sponsor, and her fair face made her known;
But no more the streams of Aubrey will reflect the same sweet Helen,
And no more the hearts that loved her so, will dare to claim their own.

Had they left there that image fair, that life so purely moulded;
Those links that bound her being round, thus, links of love unriven:
What time is now for peaceful brow, for little hands prayer-folded?
With leisure for sweet offices that win the way to Heaven?

Ay! love her for her lovely face, and bless her for her brightness,
But add one heartfelt hope for her, and think one thought of prayer,
That she look not back too late for the old days' peace and lightness
But to find a desert round her, where the sunny gardens were!

RALPH A. BRESEE.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS IN ITS GLORY—A WELL-BEHAVED CROWD—A SPLENDID PAGEANT—AN ORIGINAL IDEA—THE EMPEROR ON THE FIELD—THE FETE NAPOLEON—A PYROTECHNIC TRIUMPH.

Paris, Aug. 18, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Nothing can be imagined more magnificent in their way than the grand *fetes* of Sunday and Monday last. Preparations for these had been going on for ten days previous, on the scale of vast and lavish outlay which seems to be natural to the French when "on pleasure bent;" and as everything was planned in the most tasteful style, and carried out with the skill for which France is proverbial, it is not surprising that the appearance of the brilliant city should have been, on those days, in keeping with the brilliancy of its reputation in such matters.

Such was the eagerness of the population to witness the grand military pageant of Sunday, that numbers of persons actually passed the whole of Saturday night on the Boulevards, thus effectually securing the possession of their chosen stand-points for enjoying the scene! Others, not quite so intent on having "the best places," turned out with the dawn, and established themselves to their satisfaction with provisions for a ten hours' pic-nic on the pavement. By six in the morning, many thousand people were thus ranged along the line of march, to be followed by the troops; by nine o'clock, a dense mass filled both sides of this line; and by ten o'clock, all circulation within the sphere of the coming pageant, except along the centre of the reserved space, was impossible; no less than five hundred thousand people, it is computed, being packed in a solid mass extending from the Place of the Bastile to the end of the Rue Castiglione, and offering the spectacle, so often seen here, though not to be seen on any other part of the earth's surface, of an enormous crowd of clean, well-dressed, orderly persons, exhibiting every variety of costume, from the elegant toilet of the thriving tradesman's wife, to the trim neatness of the *bonne* and the *grisette*, and the clean *blouse* and Sunday trowsers of the *ouvrier*: all this dense mass being polite, quiet, chatty, good-humored, alert, and on the best possible terms with themselves and each other. Heaps of children, washed up for the occasion, merry and wide-awake, and devoid of the faintest idea of shyness, fretting, or crying, are mixed in among the grown people, or sit on the curb-stones, between the legs of the soldiers and National Guards that line either side of the way; the windows and balconies are full of gaily-dressed people, the roofs ditto, and scaffolds raised in every possible place being filled in the same manner. The long, beautiful lines of the streets of Paris itself, its handsome houses covered with flags, streamers, and garlands, triumphal arches, and long strips of scarlet cloth bearing mottoes which span the broad length of the Boulevards, and above all the unparalleled appearance and deportment of its population, are almost more striking than even the great pageants which this capital has the art of getting up with such consummate effect.

But to proceed to the particulars of the *fete* in question.

All that flags, Venetian masts, arches, crowns, garlands, hangings of silk and velvet, gilding, and inscriptions, could do, was exhibited along the whole line of the Boulevards. A gigantic figure of Peace, was seated on a great pedestal at the junction of the Boulevard and the broad Rue de la Paix; the latter being sumptuously decorated down its entire length, to the Place Vendome, which formed the culminating point of the "gay and festive scene," with flags, hangings, and long wreaths of artificial flowers. The lower part of this beautiful street, just where it leads into the place Vendome, was ornamented with eight enormous pillars, partly painted to imitate jasper, partly white with gold ornaments, bearing each a colossal statue of Victory, gilt, with gilded wreaths in their outstretched hands, as though in the act of dropping them on the victorious troops about to march beneath them.

The entire octagon of the Place Vendome was surrounded by raised platforms, rising from the ground to the great windows of the first floor of this magnificent Place; these platforms being filled with tiers of benches, covered with crimson velvet, and splendidly ornamented with gold and fringe and embroidered hangings. An elegant dais was prepared for the Empress and the Imperial family, rich in gold embroidery and gilded shields bearing the Imperial arms, and communicating with the first floor of the Foreign-Office. A second dais was prepared for the Emperor, ornamented with the letter N, in gold, and quantities of bees, very tastefully disposed. A number of gilded victories, on the elegant pillars described above, and long *oriflammes*, with bees and other Napoleonic emblems floating from Venetian masts, were placed round the open space reserved for the passage of the troops, the fine column of bronze, with the well-known statue of the Imperial Corporal on its top, being left in its massive simplicity, adorned only by the crowns of *immortelles* that the old veterans of its founder, are accustomed to hang on its railings on this day, in commemoration of their fallen comrades. To these seats only the Court, the Great Bodies of the State, the Diplomatic Corps, and people favored by "the Powers that be," were admitted; and all these people, the men, in their various uniforms, the women, in elegant toilets, were in their appointed places by half-past nine.

The Rue Castilione was decorated with victories and flags, down to the Rue de Rivoli; and nothing in its way can be conceived more striking and splendid than this part of the decoration.

The whole of the Rues de la Paix and Castiglione were covered with a deep layer of sand; and was also the centre of the Place Vendome, which looked like one vast and sumptuous drawing-room.

The Empress, in an open carriage, without escort, arrived early with the little Prince, Princess Clotilda, Princess Mathilde, and all the other personages of the Imperial House. She was dressed very simply, in a pale gray muslin dress, with a black lace mantle, and white crape bonnet, looking as usual, the impersonation of graceful loveliness and affability. Princess Clotilda is decidedly not handsome, but very sweet-looking, amiable, sensible and good. Princess Mathilde is growing stout and losing her beauty, once so renowned, but looks good-tempered, comfortable, and somewhat vulgar, as usual. The little Prince is a fine, intelligent-looking child, and sat on his mother's lap through the greater part of the affair.

At nine o'clock the Emperor, with his staff, left the Tuileries, and proceeded, by the Rue de Rivoli, to the Place de la Bastille; the cannon which announced his departure being utterly inaudible to the crowd, whose loud, continuous buzz completely covered every other sound. At the Bastille, he was received by Marshals and Generals of the army of Italy; and after exchanging a few words with them, he turned his horse and preceded, with his magnificent staff, the long stream of troops that were just coming into the Place. His passage along the Boulevards, with the splendid display of troops that followed him, was greeted by all the marks of enthusiasm the most ardent Imperialist could desire. His Majesty rode slowly, on a fine bay; he wore a General's uniform, with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and several orders; lifting his hat in frequent acknowledgment of the acclamations that greeted him. After him came detachments of the various corps d'Armee which have served in Italy, about 80,000 men in all. The wounded of the different corps, Guards, Line, Zouaves, Turcos, came first; a most sad and touching spectacle. Then came cannons; then the various batallions, headed by their chiefs; with more cannons—a quantity of which were Austrian,—more troops, Austrian flags, cannons, troops, and so on, for six mortal hours. The favorite regiments, Marshals MacMahon and Canrobert, the Austrian cannons and flags, the French flags, many of them torn to strips by the enemy's fire, and the wounded, were received with immense enthusiasm by the crowd. As far as my personal observation extended, I should say that the Emperor, though well received, was far less enthusiastically greeted than the army. The public here is undoubtedly dissatisfied with the terms on which peace has been made; and the demonstrations of his lieges on this occasion were far less flattering than on his leaving to open the Italian campaign.

The Emperor frequently paused to address a few words to persons—generally soldiers forming the hedge—whom he recognized; and with some of whom he shook hands; and as the troops marched on people would dash out from the crowd, kiss and hug some one among them, and dash back to their place.

The military display was superb. The soldiers marched in compact masses, twenty or thirty abreast, a solid column of faded uniforms and shining arms. The sight of their bronzed faces, of their clothes, with the original dye almost taken out of them by sun, rain, and the endless vicissitudes of hard service, and of the tattered colors they carried so proudly was most striking. The Zouaves came in for tremendous cheering; but the Turcos formed the most picturesque portion of the show. The dark faces, varying from the pale coffee-color of the Arab, to the blackest ebony of the Abyssinian and negro, offered a magnificent contrast to the white folds of their turbans, and the rich tone of their vests and trowsers of dark blue. They are a most formidable set of fellows, with, for the most part, faces that you would not like to meet on a lonely road at night. Many of them have quite the Tartar type of face, some of them approaching the Chinese very nearly. Among them are Bedouins, Arabs, mulattoes, half Arab and half Turkish origin, and numerous specimens of two or three of the perfectly black African nations farther south. Most of them have enlisted to escape the consequences of some breach of the law more or less glaring; all of them detest a quiet life, and peaceable employments. They have all a proud, lithe, devil-may care air, which contrasts strongly with the stiffer movements of Europeans, and is far more agreeable to the eye. Formerly we regarded the Zouaves as something hardly human; a terrible and mysterious mixture of the fiend and the wild beast, that one wondered and shuddered at, not without a certain admiration; but since we have seen these astounding Turcos, the Zouaves have quite gone up in public estimation, and seem really to be so many "little saints" in comparison with these fierce, smiling, dingy, satanic monsters. As to the way they wind their turbans, round their dark shaven brows, it is absolutely inimitable; the poor Zouaves are in despair about it, as nobody now will even look at *their* ugly twists, which we formerly considered so elegant. As the dark mass of the Turcos moved proudly and lithely down the magnificent perspective of the Rue de la Paix, and wheeled round before the Emperor stationed, with his staff, at the entrance of the Place Vendome, their white turbans looking like wreaths of foam coiling round black rocks, and their forest of bayonets making a sort of steely mist above their heads, a universal acclamation greeted the imposing spectacle, the like of which, it was by all admitted, has never been seen in Europe since the Turkish hosts were repulsed by Sobieski. As the Turcos are all Mohammedans, perform their religious observances with great care, and carry the crescent instead of the eagle, on the top of their colors, it was not a little amusing to see their dusky host preceded by a band of clerical almoners in the orthodox black robe and shovel hat; spiritual functionaries whom the unbelieving Turcos would no doubt take the greatest pleasure in running through with their bayonets for the glory of Allah and his prophet.

The weather, which had been magnificent all the morning, became overcast about one o'clock, and a heavy shower fell. It soon ceased, however; but, exactly half an hour afterwards, a much heavier shower succeeded, and, curiously enough, a third shower came down exactly half an hour after. This last shower was very violent, and lasted for some time; all who could get away, did so; but the greater part of the dense crowd was compelled to stand it out, from inability to move. The Emperor must have been soaked to the skin; but every time he took off his three-cornered hat to salute the stream of soldiers constantly defiling before him, he took the opportunity of giving it a gentle shake, to get rid of the water. The Empress seemed to enjoy his predicament, and laughed repeatedly at the drenching he was getting. The Emperor laughed also, but, as he is very rheumatic, it is hardly to be supposed that the incident could have added much to his enjoyment. Just before the rain came on, the little Prince was sent by his mother to the Emperor, the valet entrusted with the "Hope of France" for that purpose, lifting him up to the Emperor, who kissed him and placed him before him on the saddle; whereupon the Place resounded with cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" "*Vive l'Emperatrice!*" "*Vive le Prince Imperial!*" When the rain came on, the young gentleman was speedily conveyed back to his mamma.

Immense quantities of flowers, wreaths, bouquets were showered before the Emperor, and still more were bestowed upon the troops.—Of the more favored regiments, almost every man had a bouquet stuck on his musket; many had several. The colors were laden with them, and the pet animals—dogs, goats, &c.,—which accompanied some of the regiments, were also decked out by the enthusiasm of the spectators. The cantinieres, of course, were not forgotten. Moreover, some "original" genius invisible, save by his doings, had stationed himself near the roof of a house at the corner of the Rue de la Paix, and let loose a number of white butterflies as each new battalion marched by. At least fifty of the graceful little creatures came fluttering down above the tramping hosts during the day, seemingly not a little disturbed at the novelty of their situation, and the impossibility of finding any fixed points on which to settle. The pretty insects seemed, for the most part, too much flurried to find their way to a place of safety, and hovered anxiously about the heads of the soldiers; but some few of them found their way upwards again, and disappeared over the roofs of the houses.

The troops, after defiling past the Emperor, marched off to their quarters. The rain ceased, and the vast crowd got away gradually under a bright sun. In the evening, the city of Paris gave a dinner and two francs to each soldier; the Emperor entertaining the superior officers at a grand dinner in the Tuileries.

At this dinner, the Emperor made a short speech, remarkable for modesty and good taste, in which he thanked the Generals for their obedience to one who was not a soldier, attributed the success of the late campaign to them, and remarked that "what the army had done on behalf of a friendly people, would give the world the measure of what France would be able to do to secure her own independence." This last phrase was the only one that challenges criticism; so obviously gratuitous is any suggestion of such an event as the invasion of France by its neighbors, unless, indeed, France should begin by making an attack upon some of them.

Many houses were illuminated in the evening, and not a single accident occurred throughout the day.

Much discussion has been going on here, in private, touching the personal conduct of the Emperor on the field of battle; some declaring him to have been in the thickest of the fight, and seemingly unconscious of the existence of danger, others asserting that he was never in battle at all, but kept at a prudent distance from cannon-balls, and that the stories of his epaulettes being shot away, and horses being shot close beside him, were *stories* only. But from particulars I have learned from a soldier who was close by him, and fighting under his orders both at Magenta and at Solferino, I am perfectly satisfied that the Emperor has engaged with the enemy as eagerly and bravely as the most intrepid Zouave in the ranks, and risked his life with the most entire *sang-froid*. My informant, a young man of excellent character, and put up at Magenta for the Cross, declares that, on that occasion, the Emperor rode forward towards the enemy, calling on his troops to follow him, and shouting, "Follow me! I am your Captain! I will lead you." On which a number of officers remonstrated with him on the rashness of his course, and besought him to remain at a distance from the fight. Refusing to heed this advice, the Emperor still rode on; when an old officer came up to him, laid his hand roughly, and almost rudely on his shoulder, and said in a voice of angry remonstrance, "Sire, go away! Your place is not here! It is the part of a General to direct the movements of his troops, but not to share in them!" On which the Emperor, tearing off his epaulettes, and throwing them away, exclaimed, "If these make me a General, I have them now no longer! I am but a Captain, and as a Captain, I will lead you on! Follow me, *mes amis!*" And plunging forward, followed by the troops, he fought as hard and as bravely as any man in the ranks. This is the real origin of the report of his epaulette having been shot away at Magenta. At Solferino, the Emperor's conduct was equally brave. He was everywhere, overlooking, directing, encouraging; shunning no danger, and enduring an amount of fatigue that few around him could witness without astonishment. But to return to the *fetes* which have been turning Paris upside down.

On the morrow, the Emperor and Empress went in state to a grand *Te Deum* at Notre Dame, the old pile being gaily ornamented for the occasion. The theatres were all opened gratis; military shows were performed on the place des Invalides; greased poles held aloft, watches, silver medals, and various tempting objects to reward the daring climber; balloons shaped like various animals, were let off from the Champ de Mars; and an army of *cafe chantants*, tumblers, prodigies, games, &c., turned half Paris into a fair. The city was splendidly illuminated in the evening; the reserved gardens of the Tuileries being thrown open to the public, were filled with arabesques of colored lamps. The Emperor and Empress, in evening dress, came out upon a balcony; and were enthusiastically greeted by the crowd; after which the Emperor sent up a rocket, as a signal for the letting off of the great fireworks on the heights of the Trocadero. Pillars of fire, representing the Imperial arms, the eagle, the cross of the Legion of Honor, &c., appeared amid coruscations of stars of every color, masses of red light, and indescribable torrents of all the wonderful things pyrotechnists contrive to produce; after which appeared the facade of a Temple of Peace, magically beautiful, and looking like a gorgeous creation borrowed from the Arabian Nights. Then came the *bouquet*, a vast sheaf, or rather three sheaves of every imaginable species of rocket, each sheaf larger and more magnificent than the preceding one, the rockets imitating foliage of flowers, of every hue, and of wonderful brilliance and beauty. A most fairy-like, astonishing display; seeming to light up the very vault of heaven, illuminating the entire city, and visible for a dozen miles round, in every direction. This was the crowning feature of the day; and after the blaze had died away, the vast, loquacious, good-tempered crowds began to move off in perfect order, filling the streets with a loud hum, and the tramp of feet, and enjoying splendid illuminations of the public buildings till near midnight.

The length already reached by this present yarn compels me, to my regret, to postpone until my next, the conclusion of the episode of life in Russia, left unfinished in my last.

QUANTUM.

LETTER FROM CHINA.

Opium-Eating—The American Minister, Etc.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY LAST CRUISE."

JUNE 2nd, 1859.

Dear Mr. Editor:—The Powhatan is anchored in the Woosung River, twelve miles below Shanghai, China, and she has the ship Sultan, which has just arrived from Philadelphia with coal for the squadron, lashed alongside of her, while we go through the dusty process of "coaling ship." The Minister (Hon. John E. Ward, of Georgia,) is up at Shanghai, carefully avoiding the coal-dust and noise, and getting ready to pay his first call to the Chinese Commissioners, there from Peking, and the U. S. ship Mississippi has just left with the officers and marines of the squadron to carry them to assist to make up "a show." This thing of "making a show" is necessary with these people, and were I not detained down here by prospective duty, I should like to make one of the party. This being out of the question, however, I console myself by getting into a Chinese boat, being "sculled" a few hundred yards, and coming on board of the "Opium Receiving Ship," Ann Welsh, to get away from the noise and dust of coaling, while my duty is still in the prospective, to pass a quiet day, and to write to you.

The "Ann Welsh" is, as already observed, an opium receiving ship, and as the fumes of the drug assail my nose and create a feeling of drowsiness, I light a cigar and take up my pen to avoid going to sleep. I hope I may not *put you to sleep* while writing a column or two upon the subject of "Opium in China"—the thought having suddenly struck me that I might send you something new and interesting in regard to it. At any rate, "here goes."

You are doubtless aware that the use of opium is, in China, *an imported custom*—a fatal taste created years back by England's desire to increase the revenue of her possessions in India, whence all of the drug comes. Perhaps I should say by the *East India Company's* desire, but be the crime here or there, its result is a destroying habit which prevails now generally over this vast country, which is populated by 400,000,000 of souls. I would not have you understand from this that I consider *the continued introduction* of opium into China as a thing to be decried—on the contrary, it would *now* (since it has become the "national excitement,") be the extreme of inhumanity to deprive them of it. I only say that those men who first busied themselves *to create the taste* for it, in order to fill their own pockets, committed a crime against God and man.—Opium is now as *necessary* to the confirmed smoker, as is brandy to the inebriate trembling upon the verge of delirium tremens,—deprive either of their stimulant, and they die.

Neither would I have you infer from this last that the majority of Chinese are given to the use of opium; on the contrary, the number of smokers is comparatively small—about three per cent.; certainly not so numerous or reckless as the brandy-drinkers of our own country. And the number of those who evidently shorten their days by it, has been most absurdly exaggerated. *It is unquestionably true* (unflattering as the assertion may sound) *that more people die out of our population of* 40,000,000 *from the abuse of spirits, than die in this country out of* 400,000,000 *from the abuse of opium.* This may sound strange, *but it is true.* Let us not, therefore, regard with a less favorable eye the occupation of the vessel on board of which I am now passing the day, than we cast upon the three-story warehouse of an "Importer of Foreign Liquors" in our own country.

Suppose you follow me as I leave this cabin and go out upon the deck. We will take a look at the practical part of this opium business. See this Chinese steward who makes room for us as we pass through the forward cabin. He looks in very good condition, and yet is a confirmed opium-smoker *upon a moderate scale.* Just as you or I, or any other man of reasonable taste, takes a glass of brandy and water or ale once a day, or two or three times a week, as the fancy takes us, so does this man smoke his opium. I really do not believe that it will ever injure him; certainly not so much as a friend of mine is now being injured by the *abuse* of tobacco. One might as well scowl with moral indignation upon every Anglo-Saxon who drinks at all, as upon the opium-smoker before us. Step out upon the deck, and a busy scene is before you—here are a dozen or more Chinese opium merchants (brokers), or their agents, who have come alongside in their one-masted boats to make their purchases. Most of them are like the steward, they use it *in moderation*, and yet they are not human skeletons, with parchment skins, as croakers and simple-minded, well-meaning people would have us believe. Undoubtedly they would be better off without it, but a decent regard for truth compels me to say that they hang out no such signs as unsteady nerves and red noses to indicate the nature of their habits. I do not believe in that old saying, which tells us that "the devil is not half so black as he is painted," but I do believe that very distorted ideas prevail in Europe and the United States as to the ravages of opium in China. Here is the way in which the business of the opium receiving ships is conducted.

All of the foreign houses (merchants) in China deal more or less in this article, and as its introduction has heretofore been in violation of the law, they have been, as it were, smugglers upon a grand scale. Allowing, however, that they were smugglers until the late treaty at Tien-Sing legalized the trade, they have nevertheless always received the countenance and assistance (as per opium war of 1841) of the English Government, *and the Chinese officials themselves have always winked at and even assisted in their operations. Nominally*, however, they opposed the trade with honest energy, and the smugglers were consequently obliged to store their opium on board armed vessels, partly to assist the Mandarins to wink, but principally to protect it from the attacks of lawless bands. Hence the origin of "armed receiving ships." But this is not telling you the way in which the business of these ships is conducted.

When the Chinese broker on shore finds his supply running short, he goes to the foreign "House" in Shanghai and bargains for so many chests of the drug. The merchant gives him an order upon the captain of the ship for so many chests at such a price, and with this order the broker or his agent repairs on board. The captain reads the order, and counts the chests to be hoisted up from the hold and opened. The broker then examines their contents, and *always* tries to prove that the quality is not as good as represented.

"Take three balls at random from each chest, cut a small piece from each ball, and try it!" replies the captain.*

The purchaser does as desired, and with his three samples proceeds to test its purity. He has several crucibles of white clay, in each of which is a charcoal fire. Attached to each crucible he has a copper ladle, capable of holding a half pint of water. He fills these ladles two-thirds full of water, puts a piece of opium (the sample) as large as your thumb into each, and with a fan soon has the water boiling furiously. After the sample is entirely dissolved he strains it through several thicknesses of a porous paper, and boils it again until it is as thick, and looking very much like molasses in cold weather. In this state it is ready for smoking, and the amount of sediment, &c., left upon the paper, combined with the color of "the result," determines the reduction which "the test" has proved it proper to make in the price. This being all granted, the chests are taken on shore by the broker, who sells a ball here and another there to the owners of the "opium shops," where the smokers go to indulge their longing. Certainly it is a ruinous habit when carried to excess, an injurious one even when indulged in cautiously; but is it not uncharitable and narrow-minded in us to condemn it so loudly, when we ourselves (at least "3 per cent." of the population of Christendom,) sink into the gutter under the effects of alcohol? Cuvier says that "man is an animal," and alcohol and opium tell us every day that he is even a beast.

JUNE 3d.—The officers returned from the interview of yesterday, speak of it as having gone off very pleasantly. Four Imperial Commissioners received Mr. Ward and suite, and after business entertained them at a sumptuous (Chinese) dinner. Almond tea, black tea, shark's fins, bird's nest soup, and trepang, were among the dishes—perhaps had some of the latter been absent, many of the meals would have been more hearty. The Commissioners expressed the desire that the foreign Ministers (American, English and French,) should all go to Tien-Sing *together*, and that they should carry along as small a force as possible, to avoid creating the impression that there was anything *coercive* in the approaching ratification of the treaties. The first part of the request will probably be complied with, but I much doubt if the English will consent to leave their troops at the mouth of the river. The Administration have made a judicious selection in sending Mr. Ward out here. He is a man of evident ability, pleasant manners, and is universally popular. He will do credit to the country, be it at Hong-Kong with the English, or at Peking with the Chinese.

*"Chests of opium," (the native kind,) are rough looking boxes, somewhat larger than an ordinary sized trunk, and contain from 130 to 190 balls, each of which weighs something less than a pound. These are packed with the leaves of the poppy, ground up, and when "the chest" is opened, are generally found flattened out by the heat, looking just like a ball of black dough that has been thrown against a wall. It is worth about $5 the pound, or from $500 to $600 the chest. The opium known as "Patna," comes in hard balls as large as a twenty-four pound shot—forty in a chest, and worth about the same per pound. These balls are *shells*, which contain four pounds of Patna each, in a semi-fluid state; Patna being guaranteed by the Government as to *purity*, is sold without being *tested*.

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

IMPORTANT FROM BRITISH COLUMBIA—GENERAL HARNEY OCCUPYING THE ISLAND OF SAN JUAN—PROTEST OF GOVERNOR DOUGLAS—ENGLISH TROOPS AND VESSELS SENT TO THE ISLAND—AMERICAN SQUADRON STATIONED THERE—RUMORED COMPROMISE—BATTLE WITH THE MOJAVE INDIANS, FIFTY KILLED.

ST. LOUIS, SEP. 2.—The overland mail has arrived, with San Francisco dates to the 12th ult., three days' later than previous advices.

The papers furnish Victoria dates to the 6th ult.

The Island of San Juan, between Vancouver's Island and the mainland, which is claimed by the United States government, has been taken possession of under the orders of General Harney, by sixty United States troops, as part of Washington territory.

Governor Douglass, of British Columbia, has issued a protest, claiming the island for the British Crown, and has dispatched some armed vessels, with 200 sappers and miners. The United States vessels Massachusetts, Jefferson Davis, Shubrick and Active, and the British vessels of war Tribune, Satellite and Plenipo, are either anchored off the island or in the immediate vicinity.

It was unofficially stated at Victoria that the matter would be compromised by a joint occupancy of the island until the British and United States governments could be advised of the existing state of affairs.

General Harney was expected to arrive on the Island of San Juan on the 5th of August.

The Fraser river mining news is encouraging. Gold valued at $75,000 had reached Victoria within the previous fortnight.

FROM OREGON.—Advices from Oregon state that the Polasi Indians were harassing Lieut. Mullen's wagon road expedition, destroying all the mule posts, and burning all the grass at the camping grounds.

The Los Angelos Vineyard of the 15th ult. gives an account of a battle between fifty United States troops, under Major Armistead, and four hundred Mojave Indians, on the 4th ult., in which about fifty Indians were killed.

CALIFORNIA.—W. P. Wilkins, the District Attorney of Sutter county, and a candidate for the Legislature, was shot on the 12th ult., by Judge Moy, of Yuba county, whose daughter Wilkins had seduced.

Mr. Broderick addressed a large meeting assembled in Sacramento on the 9th ult.

NEVADA TERRITORY.—The Convention in session in Carson Valley had framed a Constitution for a Provisional Government, declaring Carson Valley independent of Utah, and gives the name of Nevada to the proposed Territory.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 12.—Business continues inactive, and prices are unchanged.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Arago brings advices to the 23rd.

Cotton was dull—though nominally prices were unchanged. The business advices from Manchester are not very favorable.

Flour and wheat are tending downwards. Corn firm, and holders asking an advance of 6d. per quarter.

Beef, Pork and Bacon heavy. Lard and Tallow steady.

Rosin, Rice and Turpentine are steady. Sugar dull.

WASHINGTON ITEMS.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4.—The Government has been advised by Gen. Harney of his proceedings in taking possession of the island of San Juan, and the steamer of to-morrow will convey to him further instructions. From what has here transpired, it is reasonable to infer that the position of the Administration admits of no compromise, it being fully satisfied that the island belongs to the United States.

Official notice is given that in all cases in which pre-emption declaratory statements, founded on bona fide actual settlement and cultivation of public lands, are made prior and up to date, and filed by the settlers before the 9th of October, the registers and receivers are directed, where the pre-emption claimants are unable and do not prove up and pay for their tracts at or before that time, to withhold such actual and cultivated tracts from the public sales to take place in Minnesota in October and November.

The Secretary of the Interior has informed certain memorialists in St. Louis, who asked that the public lands in Kansas and Nebraska be withheld from private entry after the close of the public sales, that the President is of opinion that the law invests him with no power to grant such a request.

The State Department has been informed by Mr. Wright, U. S. Minister at Berlin, that it is not true, as reported by many American newspapers, that several American citizens are in the Prussian Army. He knows of none.

The Department of State is officially informed of the ratification by the government of Nicaragua of the Lamar-Zeladon treaty, the obnoxious clause objected to by this government having been previously expunged.

ROBERT HALL.—This able divine was not deficient in sarcastic wit. One day he was attempting to prove the necessity of Church Reform, to a clergyman who had been bred a dissenter; but had changed his principles and won a good living at the same time. This gentleman kept replying to Mr. Hall's arguments,—"I don't see it." Mr. Hall wrote on a piece of paper, the word "God." "Do you see that, sir?" said he. "Yes, I see it." He then put a guinea over the word. "Do you see it now?" "No, certainly not." "Just so," said Mr. Hall, "and now I will wish you good morning."

A PEG HIGHER.—The Danes first brought into England excessive drinking; and King Edgar permitting many of them to dwell here, was at length constrained to ordain, as a check to this excess, that certain pegs should be driven into the sides of their cups, as limits or bounds which no man, under a great penalty, should be so hardy as to transgress. And hence the phrase, which still subsists in England, of a man in his cups being a *peg higher or lower*.

The greatest charm of a letter is its *individuality*.

THE WORLD PROGRESSIVE.—By the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great myrteriona incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young; but in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression.—*Burke.*

Some of the papers are having their jokes about Thackeray's tiresome story of "The Virginians." One informs the Hartford (Conn.) Press that it can see "the indomitable individual" who has read Thackeray's "Virginians" in Harper, from the start, by going to Springfield this week. As soon as he has accomplished the September chapters, he leaves for the country to recuperate.

The late James Smith, one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses," being asked whom George Robins, the celebrated auctioneer, had married, replied: "Why *Lot's* wife, to be sure."—*E. J.*

TOUCHING.—A few days ago, a bright little girl of probably three or four summers, who recently lost her father, came up to Prof. Wise, at the Jones House, and said:

"Mr. Wise, won't you take me up with you in your balloon?"

"Why do you want to go, my dear?" asked the professor.

"I want to see my papa," was the touching response.

A tear was visible in the aeronant's eye as he assured her that it was impossible for him to take her high enough to see her papa.—*Lafayette Journal.*

Potier said one day to an intimate friend, "I had some first-rate guns in my warehouse formerly."

"Ah! what was their peculiar excellence?"

"Why, the moment that a thief entered the warehouse they went off, although they were not loaded!"

"Pooh, how could they?

"The thief took them!"

He that aspires to be the head of a party must see some appearances that do not exist, and be blind to some that do.

SENDING FOR GOD.

BY MRS. BROOKS.

Three summers fair have sprinkled lightly
Thy golden clusters, baby Bertie;
(And mine have paled and grown unsightly,
In frosty winters—more than thirty).

Though scant the wisdom Time hath brought thee,
Oft-times I chose thee for my teacher;
Such pretty lore have angels taught thee—
My dimpled sunny-haired lay-preacher!

But yesterday, thy large eyes glistening,
And rounded with unearthly wonder,
I marked thee with a child's faith listening
To story dire at midnight thunder.

A weird tale of a wood enchanted,
Where green-eyed snakes coiled in the grasses,
And never ray of sunlight slanted
The awful dragon-guarded passes!

Behind—a Genie tall as steeple;
Before—a Genie, fiercer, taller;
And sidewise peered uncanny people,
As fierce as they (though somewhat smaller).

And thou (thus naughty brother told thee),
Alone, must let these shades embower thee,
Where lions, mighty-pawed to hold thee,
Waited expressly to devour thee.

Ah, horrors that had staggered Nero!
I saw thy pretty red lip quiver,
As hopelessly the baby-hero
Succumbed in one great sobbing shiver!

And then, transfigured quick before me,
Thou stoodst as martyrs stand, undaunted,
In minsters niched, with golden glory
From crimson sunsets softly slanted—

And spoke this wise (scared babe no longer),
With small feet pressing firm the sod,
And calmed eyes lifted to the stronger—
"Then, brudder, *I shall send for Dod*."

Ah, darling! in my life-road weary,
Lies many a lonely wood enchanted,
Where I must walk, dismayed and dreary,
By fierce uncanniest creatures haunted.

When thick they crowd the path *behind* me,
And thicker crowd the path untrod,
Of thy sweet baby-faith I'll mind me,
And leaning skyward, "*send for God*."

THE HAUNTED AND THE HAUNTERS;

OR,

THE HOUSE AND THE BRAIN.

(CONCLUDED.)

I returned in the evening to the house, to bring away in a hack cab the things I had left there, with my poor dog's body. In this task I was not disturbed, nor did any incident worth note befall me, except that still, on ascending and descending the stairs, I heard the same foot-fall in advance. On leaving the house, I went to Mr. J——'s. He was at home. I returned him the keys, told him that my curiosity was sufficiently gratified, and was about to relate quickly what had passed, when he stopped me, and said, though with much politeness, that he had no longer any interest in a mystery which none had ever solved.

I determined, at least, to tell him of the two letters I had read, as well as of the extraordinary manner in which they had disappeared, and I then inquired if he thought they had been addressed to the woman who had died in the house, and if there were anything in her early history which could possibly confirm the dark suspicions to which the letters gave rise. Mr. J—— seemed startled, and, after musing a few moments, answered, "I know but little of the woman's earlier history, except, as I before told you, that her family were known to mine. But you revive some vague reminiscences to her prejudice. I will make inquiries, and inform you of their result. Still, even if we could admit the popular superstition that a person who had been either the perpetrator or the victim of dark crimes in life could revisit, as a restless spirit, the scene in which those crimes had been committed, I should observe that the house was infested by strange sights and sounds before the old woman died—you smile—what would you say?"

"I would say this, that I am convinced, if we could get to the bottom of these mysteries, we should find a living human agency."

"What! you believe it is all an imposture? for what object?"

"Not an imposture in the ordinary sense of the word. If suddenly I were to sink into a deep sleep, from which you could not awake me, but in that sleep could answer questions with an accuracy which I could not pretend to when awake—tell you what money you had in your pocket—nay, describe your very thoughts—it is not necessarily an imposture, any more than it is necessarily supernatural. I should be, unconsciously to myself, under a mesmeric influence, conveyed to me from a distance by a human being who had acquired power over me by previous *rapport*."

"Granting mesmerism, so far carried, to be a fact, you are right. And you would infer from this that a mesmeriser might produce the extraordinary effects you and others have witnessed over inanimate objects—fill the air with sights and sounds?"

"Or impress our senses with the belief in them—we never having been *en rapport* with the person acting on us? No. What is commonly called mesmerism could not do this; but there may be a power akin to mesmerism, and superior to it—the power that in the old days was called Magic. That such a power may extend to all inanimate objects of matter, I do not say; but if so, it would not be against nature, only a rare power in nature which might be given to constitutions with certain peculiarities, and cultivated by practice to an extraordinary degree. That such a power might extend over the dead—that is, over certain thoughts and memories that the dead may still retain—and compel, not that which ought properly to be called the Soul, and which is far beyond human reach, but rather a phantom of what has been most earth-stained on earth, to make itself apparent to our senses—is a very ancient, though obsolete, theory, upon which I will hazard no opinion. But I do not conceive the power would be supernatural. Let me illustrate what I mean from an experiment which Paracelsus describes as not difficult, and which the author of the *Curiosities of Literature* cites as credible:—A flower perishes: you burn it. Whatever were the elements of that flower while it lived are gone, dispersed, you know not whither; you can never discover nor re-collect them. But you can, by chemistry, out of the burnt dust of that flower, raise a spectrum of the flower, just as it seemed in life. It may be the same with a human being. The soul has as much escaped you as the essence or elements of the flower. Still you may make a spectrum of it. And this phantom, though in the popular superstition it is held to be the soul of the departed, must not be confounded with the true soul; it is but the appearance—image—phantasm—eidolon of the dead form. Hence, like the best-attested stories of ghosts or spirits, the thing that most strikes us is the absence of what we hold to be soul—that is, of superior emancipated intelligence. They come for little or no object—they seldom speak, if they do come; they utter no ideas above that of an ordinary person on earth. These American spirit-seers have published volumes of communications in prose and verse, which they assert to be given in the names of the most illustrious dead—Shakspeare—Bacon—heaven knows whom. Those communications, taking the best, are certainly not a whit of higher order than would be communications from living persons of fair talent and education; they are wondrously inferior to what Bacon, Shakspeare, and Plato said and wrote when on earth. Nor, what is more notable, do they ever contain an idea that was not on the earth before. Wonderful, therefore, as such phenomena may be (granting them to be truthful), I see much that philosophy may question, nothing that it is incumbent on philosophy to deny—viz.: nothing supernatural. They are but ideas conveyed somehow or other (we have not yet discovered the means) from one mortal brain to another. Whether in so doing, tables walk of their own accord, or fiend-like shapes appear in a magic circle, or bodyless hands rise and remove material objects, or a Thing of Darkness, such as presented itself to me, freeze our blood—still am I persuaded that these are but agencies conveyed, as by electric wires, to my own brain from the brain of another. In some constitutions there is a natural chemistry, and those may produce chemic wonders—in others a natural fluid, call it electricity, and these produce electric wonders. But they differ in this from Normal Science—they are alike objectless, purposeless, puerile, frivolous. They lead on to no grand results; and, therefore, the world does not heed, and true sages have not cultivated them. But sure I am, that of all I saw or heard, a man, human as myself, was the remote originator; and I believe unconsciously to himself as to the exact effects produced, for this reason: no two persons, you say, have ever told you that they experienced exactly the same thing. Well, observe, no two persons experience exactly the same dream. If this were an ordinary imposture, the machinery would be arranged for results that would but little vary; if it were not a supernatural agency permitted by the Almighty, it would surely be for some definite end. These phenomena belong to neither class; my persuasion is, that they originate in some brain now far distant; that that brain had no distinct volition in anything that occurred; that what does occur reflects but its devious, motley, ever-shifting, half-formed thoughts; in short, that it has been but the dreams of such a brain put into action and invested with a semi-substance. That this brain is of immense power, that it can set matter into movement, that it is malignant and destructive, I believe; some material force must have killed my dog; it might, for aught I know, have sufficed to kill myself, had I been as subjugated by terror as the dog; had my intellect or my spirit given me no countervailing resistance in my will."

"It killed your dog! that is fearful! indeed, it is strange that no animal can be induced to stay in that house; not even a cat. Rats and mice are never found in it."

"The instincts of the brute creation detect influences deadly to their existence. Man's reason has a sense less subtle, because it has a resisting power more supreme. But enough; do you comprehend my theory?"

"Yes, though imperfectly—and I accept any crotchet (pardon the word), however odd, rather than embrace at once the notion of ghosts and hobgoblins we imbibed in our nurseries. Still, to my unfortunate house the evil is the same. What on earth can I do with the house?"

"I will tell you what I would do. I am convinced from my own internal feelings that the small unfurnished room at right angles to the door of the bedroom which I occupied, forms a starting point or receptacle for the influences which haunt the house; and I strongly advise you to have the walls opened, the floor removed—nay, the whole room pulled down. I observe that it is detached from the body of the house, built over the small back yard, and could be removed without injury to the rest of the building."

"And you think, if I did that—"

"You would cut off the telegraph wires. Try it. I am so persuaded that I am right, that I will pay half the expense if you will allow me to direct the operations."

"Nay, I am well able to afford the cost; for the rest, allow me to write to you."

About ten days afterwards I received a letter from Mr. J——, telling me that he had visited the house since I had seen him; that he had found the two letters I had described, replaced in the drawer from which I had taken them; that he had read them with misgivings like my own; that he had instituted a cautious inquiry about the woman to whom I rightly conjectured they had been written. It seemed that thirty-six years ago (a year before the date of the letters) she had married against the wish of her relatives, an American of very suspicious character; in fact, he was generally believed to have been a pirate. She herself was the daughter of very respectable tradespeople, and had served in the capacity of a nursery governess before her marriage. She had a brother, a widower, who was considered wealthy, and who had one child of about six years old. A month after the marriage, the body of this brother was found in the Thames, near London Bridge; there seemed some marks of violence about his throat, but they were not deemed sufficient to warrant the inquest in any other verdict than that of "found drowned."

The American and his wife took charge of the little boy, the deceased brother having by his will left his sister the guardian of his only child—and in event of the child's death, the sister inherited. The child died about six months afterwards—it was supposed to have been neglected and ill-treated. The neighbors deposed to have heard it shriek at night. The surgeon who had examined it after death, said that it was emaciated as if from want of nourishment, and the body was covered with livid bruises. It seemed that one winter night the child had sought to escape—crept out into the back yard—tried to scale the wall—fallen back exhausted, and been found at morning on the stones in a dying state. But though there was some evidence of cruelty, there was none of murder; and the aunt and her husband had sought to palliate cruelty by alleging the exceeding stubbornness and perversity of the child, who was declared to be half witted. Be that as it may, at the orphan's death the aunt inherited her brother's fortune. Before the first wedded year was out, the American quitted England abruptly, and never returned to it. He obtained a cruising vessel, which was lost in the Atlantic two years afterwards. The widow was left in affluence; but reverses of various kinds had befallen her: a bank broke—an investment failed—she went into a small business and became insolvent—then she entered into service, sinking lower and lower, from housekeeper down to maid-of-all-work—never long retaining a place, though nothing peculiar against her character was ever alleged. She was considered sober, honest, and peculiarly quiet in her ways; still nothing prospered with her. And so she had dropped into the workhouse, from which Mr. J—— had taken her, to be placed in charge of the very house which she had rented as mistress in the first year of her wedded life.

Mr. J—— added that he had passed an hour alone in the unfurnished room which I had urged him to destroy, and that his impressions of dread while there were so great, though he had neither heard nor seen anything, that he was eager to have the walls bared and the floors removed as I had suggested. He had engaged persons for the work, and would commence any day I would name.

The day was accordingly fixed. I repaired to the haunted house—we went into the blind dreary room, took up the skirting, and then the floors. Under the rafters, covered with rubbish, was found a trap-door, quite large enough to admit a man. It was closely nailed down, with clamps and rivets of iron. On removing these we descended into a room below, the existence of which had never been suspected. In this room there had been a window and a flue, but they had been bricked over, evidently for many years. By the help of candles we examined this place; it still retained some mouldering furniture—three chairs, an oak settle, a table—all of the fashion of about eighty years ago. There was a chest of drawers against the wall, in which we found, half rotted away, old-fashioned articles of a man's dress, such as might have been worn eighty or a hundred years ago by a gentleman of some rank—costly steel buckles and buttons, like those yet worn in court-dresses—a handsome court sword—in a waistcoat which had once been rich with gold lace, but which was now blackened and foul with damp, we found five guineas, a few silver coins, and an ivory ticket, probably for some place of entertainment long since passed away. But our main discovery was in a kind of iron safe fixed to the wall, the lock of which it cost us much trouble to get picked.

In this safe were three shelves and two small drawers. Ranged on the shelves were several small bottles of crystal, hermetically stopped. They contained colorless volatile essences, of what nature I shall say no more than that they were not poisons—phosphor and ammonia entered into some of them. There were also some very curious glass tubes, and a small pointed rod of iron, with a large lump of rock crystal, and another of amber—also a loadstone of great power.

In one of the drawers we found a miniature portrait set in gold, and retaining the freshness of its colors most remarkably, considering the length of time it had probably been there. The portrait was that of a man who might be somewhat advanced in middle life, perhaps forty-seven or forty-eight.

It was a most peculiar face—a most impressive face. If you could fancy some mighty serpent transformed into man, preserving in the human lineaments the old serpent type, you would have a better idea of that countenance than long descriptions can convey; the width and flatness of frontal—the tapering elegance of contour disguising the strength of the deadly jaw—the long, large, terrible eye, glittering and green as the emerald—and withal a certain ruthless calm, as if from the consciousness of an immense power. The strange thing was this—the instant I saw the miniature I recognized a startling likeness to one of the rarest portraits in the world—the portrait of a man of rank only below that of royalty, who in his own day had made considerable noise. History says little or nothing of him; but search the correspondence of his contemporaries, and you find reference to his wild daring, his bold profligacy, his restless spirit, his taste for the occult sciences. While still in the meridian of life he died and was buried, so say the chronicles, in a foreign land. He died in time to escape the grasp of the law, for he was accused of crimes which would have given him to the headsman. After his death, the portraits of him, which had been numerous, for he had been a munificent encourager of art, were bought up and destroyed—it was supposed by his heirs, who might have been glad could they have razed his very name from their splendid line. He had enjoyed a vast wealth; a large portion of this was believed to have been embezzled by a favorite astrologer or soothsayer—at all events, it had unaccountably vanished at the time of his death. One portrait alone of him was supposed to have escaped the general destruction; I had seen it in the house of a collector some months before. It had made on me a wonderful impression, as it does on all who behold it—a face never to be forgotten; and there was that face in the miniature that lay within my hand. True, that in the miniature the man was a few years older than in the portrait I had seen, or than the original was even at the time of his death. But a few years!—why, between the date in which flourished that direful noble and the date in which the miniature was evidently painted, there was an interval of more than two centuries. While I was thus gazing, silent and wondering, Mr. J—— said,

"But is it possible? I have known this man."

"How—where?" cried I.

"In India. He was high in the confidence of the Rajah of ——, and well nigh drew him into a revolt which would have lost the Rajah his dominions. The man was a Frenchman—his name De V——, clever, bold, lawless. We insisted on his dismissal and banishment: it must be the same man—no two faces like his—yet this miniature seems nearly a hundred years old."

Mechanically I turned round the miniature to examine the back of it, and on the back was engraved a pentacle; in the middle of the pentacle a ladder, and the third step of the ladder was formed by the date 1765. Examining still more minutely, I detected a spring; this, on being pressed, opened the back of the miniature as a lid. Within-side the lid were engraved "Mariana to thee—Be faithful in life and in death to ——." Here follows a name that I will not mention, but it was not unfamiliar to me. I had heard it spoken of by old men in my childhood as the name borne by a dazzling charlatan, who had made a great sensation in London for a year or so, and had fled the country on the charge of a double murder within his own house—that of his mistress and his rival. I said nothing of this to Mr. J——, to whom reluctantly I resigned the miniature.

We had found no difficulty in opening the first drawer within the iron safe; we found great difficulty in opening the second: it was not locked, but it resisted all efforts, till we inserted in the chinks the edge of a chisel. When he had thus drawn it forth, we found a very singular apparatus in the nicest order. Upon a small, thin book, or rather tablet, was placed a saucer of crystal; this saucer was filled with a clear liquid—on that liquid floated a kind of compass, with a needle shifting rapidly round, but instead of the usual points of a compass were seven strange characters, not unlike those used by astrologers to denote the planets. A very peculiar, but not strong nor displeasing odor, came from this drawer, which was lined with a wood that we afterwards discovered to be hazel. Whatever the cause of this odor, it produced a material effect on the nerves. We all felt it, even the two workmen who were in the room—a creeping, tingling sensation from the tips of the fingers to the roots of the hair. Impatient to examine the tablet, I removed the saucer. As I did so the needle of the compass went round and round with exceeding swiftness, and I felt a shock that ran through my whole frame, so that I dropped the saucer on the floor. The liquid was spilt—the saucer was broken—the compass rolled to the end of the room—and at that instant the walls shook to and fro, as if a giant had swayed and rocked them.

The two workmen were so frightened that they ran up the ladder by which we had descended from the trap door; but seeing that nothing more happened, they were easily induced to return.

Meanwhile I had opened the tablet; it was bound in a plain red leather, with a silver clasp; it contained but one sheet of thick vellum, and on that sheet were inscribed, within with a double pentacle, words in old monkish Latin, which are literally to be translated thus: "On all that it can reach within these walls—sentient or inanimate, living or dead—as moves the needle, so work my will! Accursed be the house, and restless the dwellers therein."

We found no more. Mr. J—— burnt the tablet and its anathema. He razed to the foundations the part of the building containing the secret room with the chamber over it. He had then the courage to inhabit the house himself for a month, and a quieter, better-conditioned house could not be found in all London. Subsequently he let it to advantage, and his tenant has made no complaints.

But my story is not yet done. A few days after Mr. J—— had removed into the house, I paid him a visit. We were standing by the open window and conversing. A van containing some articles of furniture which was moving from his former house was at the door. I had just urged on him my theory, that all those phenomena regarded as supermundane had emanated from a human brain; adducing the charm or rather curse we had found and destroyed in support of my philosophy. Mr. J—— was observing in reply, "That even if mesmerism, or whatever analogous power it might be called, could really thus work in the absence of the operator, and produce effects so extraordinary, still could those effects continue when the operator himself was dead? and if the spell had been wrought, and, indeed, the room walled up, more than seventy years ago, the probability was, that the operator had long since departed this life;" Mr. J——, I say, was thus answering when I caught hold of his arm and pointed to the street below.

A well-dressed man had crossed from the opposite side, and was accosting the carrier in charge of the van. His face, as he stood, was exactly fronting our window. It was the face of the miniature we had discovered; it was the face of the portrait of the noble three centuries ago.

"Good heavens!" cried Mr. J——, "that is the face of De V——, and scarcely a day older than when I saw it in the Rajah's court in my youth!"

Seized by the same thought, we both hastened down stairs. I was first in the street; but the man had already gone. I caught sight of him, however, not many yards in advance, and in another moment I was by his side.

I had resolved to speak to him, but when I looked into his face I felt as if it were impossible to do so. That eye—the eye of the serpent—fixed and held me spell-bound. And withal, about the man's whole person there was a dignity, an air of pride, and station, and superiority, that would have made any one, habituated to the usages of the world, hesitate long before venturing upon a liberty or impertinence. And what could I say? what was it I would ask? Thus ashamed of my first impulse, I fell a few paces back, still, however, following the stranger, undecided what else to do. Meanwhile he turned the corner of the street; a plain carriage was in waiting with a servant out of livery dressed like a *valet-de-place* at the carriage door. In another moment he had stepped into the carriage, and it drove off. I returned to the house. Mr. J—— was still at the street door. He had asked the carrier what the stranger had said to him.

"Merely asked, whom that house now belonged to."

The same evening I happened to go with a friend to a place in town called the Cosmopolitan Club, a place open to men of all countries, all opinions, all degrees. One orders one's coffee, smokes one's cigar. One is always sure to meet agreeable, sometimes remarkable persons.

I had not been two minutes in the room before I beheld at table, conversing with an acquaintance of mine, whom I will designate by the initial G——, the man—the Original of the Miniature. He was now without his hat, and the likeness was yet more startling, only I observed that while he was conversing there was less severity in the countenance; there was even a smile, though a very quiet and very cold one. The dignity of mien I had acknowledged in the street was also more striking; a dignity akin to that which invests some prince of the East—conveying the idea of supreme indifference and habitual, indisputable, indolent, but resistless power.

G—— soon after left the stranger, who then took up a scientific journal, which seemed to absorb his attention.

I drew G—— aside—

"Who and what is that gentleman?"

"That? Oh, a very remarkable man, indeed. I met him last year amidst the caves of Petra—the scriptural Edom. He is the best Oriental scholar I know. We joined company, had an adventure with robbers, in which he showed a coolness that saved our lives; afterwards he invited me to spend a day with him in a house he had bought at Damascus—a house buried among almond blossoms and roses—the most beautiful thing! He had lived there for some years, quite as an Oriental, in grand style. I half suspect he is a renegade, immensely rich, very odd; by-the-by, a great mesmeriser, I have seen him with my own eyes produce an effect on inanimate things. If you take a letter from your pocket and throw it to the other end of the room, he will order it to come to his feet, and you will see the letter wriggle itself along the floor till it has obeyed his command. 'Pon my honor 'tis true: I have seen him affect even the weather, disperse or collect clouds, by means of a glass tube or wand. But he does not like talking of these matters to strangers. He has only just arrived in England; says he has not been here for a great many years; let me introduce him to you."

"Certainly! He is English then? What is his name?"

"Oh!—a very homely one—Richards."

"And what is his birth—his family?"

"How do I know! What does it signify?—no doubt some parvenu, but rich—so infernally rich!"

G—— drew me up to the stranger, and the introduction was effected. The manners of Mr. Richards were not those of an adventurous traveller. Travellers are in general constitutionally gifted, with high animal spirits; they are talkative, eager, imperious. Mr. Richards was calm and subdued in tone, with manners which were made distant by the loftiness of punctilious courtesy—the manners of a former age. I observed that the English he spoke was not exactly of our day. I should even have said that the accent was slightly foreign. But then Mr. Richards remarked that he had been little in the habit for many years of speaking in his native tongue. The conversation fell upon the changes in the aspect of London since he had last visited our metropolis. G—— then glanced off to the moral change—literary, social, political—the great men who were removed from the stage within the last twenty years—the new great men who were coming on. In all this Mr. Richards evinced no interest. He had evidently read none of our living authors, and seemed scarcely acquainted by name with our younger statesmen. Once and only once he laughed; it was when G—— asked him whether he had any thoughts of getting into Parliament. And the laugh was inward—sarcastic—sinister—a sneer raised into a laugh. After a few minutes G—— left us to talk to some other acquaintances who had just lounged into the room, and I then said quietly—

"I have seen a miniature of you, Mr. Richards, in the house you once inhabited, and perhaps built, if not wholly, at least in part, in —— street. You passed by that house this morning."

Not till I had finished did I raise my eyes to his, and then his fixed my gaze so steadfastly that I could not withdraw it—those fascinating serpent eyes. But involuntarily, and as if the words that translated my thought were dragged from me, I added in a low whisper,

"I have been a student in the mysteries of life and nature; of those mysteries I have known the occult professors. I have the right to speak to you thus." And I uttered a certain pass-word.

"Well," said he dryly, "I concede the right—what would you ask?"

"To what extent human will in certain temperaments can extend?"

"To what extent can thought extend? Think, and before you draw breath you are in China!"

"True. But my thought has no power in China!"

"Give it expression, and it may have; you may write down a thought which, sooner or later, may alter the whole condition of China. What is a law but a thought? Therefore thought is infinite—therefore thought has power; not in proportion to its value—a bad thought may make a bad law as potent as a good thought can make a good one."

"Yes; what you say confirms my own theory. Through invisible currents one human brain may transmit its ideas to other human brains with the same rapidity as a thought promulgated by visible means. And as thought is imperishable—as it leaves its stamp behind it in the natural world even when the thinker has passed out of this world—so the thought of the living may have power to rouse up and revive the thoughts of the dead—such as those thoughts *were in life*—though the thought of the living cannot reach the thoughts which the dead *now* may entertain. Is it not so?"

"I decline to answer, if in my judgment, thought has the limit you would fix to it; but proceed. You have a special question you wish to put."

"Intense malignity in an intense will, engendered in a peculiar temperament, and aided by natural means within the reach of science, may produce effects like those ascribed of old to evil magic. It might thus haunt the walls of a human habitation with spectral revivals of all guilty thoughts and guilty deeds once conceived and done within those walls; all, in short, with which the evil will claims *rapport* and affinity—imperfect, incoherent, fragmentary snatches at the old dramas acted therein years ago. Thoughts thus crossing each other hap-hazard, as in the nightmare of a vision, growing up into phantom sights and sounds, and all serving to create horror, not because those sights and sounds are really visitations from a world without, but that they are ghastly monstrous renewals of what have been in this world itself, set into malignant play by a malignant mortal. And it is through the material agency of that human brain that these things would acquire even a human power—would strike as with the shock of electricity, and might kill, if the thought of the person assailed did not rise superior to the dignity of the original assailer—might kill the most powerful animal if unnerved by fear, but not injure the feeblest man, if, while his flesh crept, his mind stood out fearless. Thus, when in old stories we read of a magician rent to pieces by the fiends he had evoked—or still more, in Eastern legends, that one magician succeeds by arts in destroying another—there may be so far truth, that a material being has clothed, from his own evil propensities, certain elements and fluids, usually quiescent or harmless, with awful shape and terrific force;—just as the lightning that had lain hidden and innocent in the cloud becomes by natural law suddenly visible, takes a distinct shape to the eye, and can strike destruction on the object to which it is attracted."

"You are not without glimpses of a very mighty secret," said Mr. Richards, composedly. "According to your view, could a mortal obtain the power you speak of, he would necessarily be a malignant and evil being."

"If the power were exercised as I have said, most malignant and most evil—though I believe in the ancient traditions that he could not injure the good. His will could only injure those with whom it has established an affinity, or over whom it forces unresisted sway. I will now imagine an example that may be within the laws of nature, yet seem wild as the fables of a bewildered monk.

"You will remember that Albertus Magnus, after describing minutely the process by which spirits may be invoked and commanded, adds emphatically, that the process will instruct and avail only to the few—that a *man must be born a magician!*—that is, born with a peculiar physical temperament, as a man is born a poet. Rarely are men with whose constitution lurks this occult power of the highest order of intellect;—usually in the intellect there is some twist, perversity, or disease. But, on the other hand, they must possess, to an astonishing degree, the faculty to concentrate thought on a single object—the energetic faculty that we call WILL. Therefore, though their intellect be not sound, it is exceedingly forcible for the attainment of what it desires. I will imagine such a person, pre-eminently gifted with this constitution and its concomitant forces. I will place him in the loftier grades of society. I will suppose his desires emphatically those of the sensualist—he has, therefore, a strong love of life. He is an absolute egotist—his will is concentred in himself—he has fierce passions—he knows no enduring, no holy affections, but he can covet eagerly what for the moment he desires—he can hate implacably what opposes itself to his objects—he can commit fearful crimes, yet feel small remorse—he resorts rather to curses upon others, than to penitence for his misdeeds. Circumstances, to which his constitution guides him, lead him to a rare knowledge of the natural secrets which may serve his egotism. He is a close observer where his passions encourage observation, he is a minute calculator, not from love of truth, but where love of self sharpens his faculties,—therefore he can be a man of science. I suppose such a being, having by experience learned the power of his arts over others, trying what may be the power of will over his own frame, and studying all that in natural philosophy may increase that power. He loves life, he dreads death; *he wills to live on*. He cannot restore himself to youth, he cannot entirely stay the progress of death, he cannot make himself immortal in the flesh and blood; but he may arrest for a time so prolonged as to appear incredible, if I said it—that hardening of the parts which constitutes old age. A year may age him no more than an hour ages another. His intense will, scientifically trained into system, operates, in short, over the wear and tear of his own frame. He lives on. That he may not seem a portent and a miracle, he *dies* from time to time, seemingly, to certain persons. Having schemed the transfer of a wealth that suffices to his wants, he disappears from one corner of the world, and contrives that his obsequies shall be celebrated. He reappears at another corner of the world, where he resides undetected, and does not visit the scenes of his former career till all who could remember his features are no more. He would be profoundly miserable if he had affections,—he has none but for himself. No good man would accept his longevity, and to no men, good or bad, would he or could he communicate its true secret. Such a man might exist; such a man as I have described I see now before me!—Duke of ——, in the court of ——, dividing time between lust and brawl, alchemists and wizards;—again, in the last century, charlatan and criminal, with name less noble, domiciled in the house at which you gazed to-day, and flying from the law you had outraged, none knew

whither;—traveller once more revisiting London, with the same earthly passions which filled your heart when races now no more walked through yonder streets;—outlaw from the school of all the nobler and diviner mystics;—execrable image of Life in Death and Death in Life, I warn you back from the cities and homes of healthful men; back to the ruins of departed empires; back to the deserts of nature unredeemed!"

There answered me a whisper so musical, so potently musical, that it seemed to enter my whole being, and subdue me despite of myself. Thus it said—

"I have sought one like you for the last hundred years. Now I have found you, we part not till I know what I desire. The vision that sees through the Past, and cleaves through the veil of the Future, is in you at this hour: never before, never to come again. The vision of no puling fantastic girl, of no sick-bed somnambule, but of a strong man, with a vigorous brain. Soar and look forth!"

As he spoke I felt as if I rose out of myself upon eagle wings. All the weight seemed gone from air,—roofless the room, roofless the dome of space. I was not in the body—where I knew not—but aloft over time, over earth.

Again I heard the melodious whisper,—"You say right. I have mastered great secrets by the power of Will; true, by Will and by Science I can retard the process of years: but death comes not by age alone. Can I frustrate the accidents which bring death upon the young?"

"No; every accident is a providence. Before a providence snaps every human will."

"Shall I die at last, ages and ages hence, by the slow, though inevitable, growth of time, or by the cause that I call accident?"

"By a cause you call accident."

"Is not the end still remote?" asked the whisper, with a slight tremor.

"Regarded as my life regards time, it is still remote."

"And shall I, before then, mix with the world of men as I did ere I learned these secrets, resume eager interest in their strife and their trouble—battle with ambition, and use the power of the sage to win the power that belongs to kings?"

"You will yet play a part on the earth that will fill earth with commotion and amaze. For wonderous designs have you, a wonder yourself, been permitted to live on through the centuries. All the secrets you have stored will then have their uses—all that now makes you a stranger amidst the generations will contribute then to make you their lord. As the trees and the straws are drawn into a whirlpool—as they spin round, are sucked to the deep, and again tossed aloft to the eddies, so shall races and thrones be plucked into the charm of your vortex. Awful Destroyer—but in destroying, made, against your own will, a Constructor!"

"And that date, too, is far off?"

"Far off; when it comes, think your end in this world is at hand!"

"How and what is the end? Look east, west, south, and north."

"In the north, where never yet trod—towards the point whence your instincts have warned you, there a spectre will seize you. 'Tis Death! I see a ship—it is haunted—'tis chased—it sails on. Baffled navies sail after that ship. It enters the region of ice. It passes a sky red with meteors. Two moons stand on high, over ice-reefs. I see the ship locked between white defiles—they are ice-rocks. I see the dead strew the decks—stark and livid, green mould on their limbs. All are dead but one man—it is you! But years, though slowly they come, have then scathed you. There is the coming of age on your brow, and the will is relaxed in the cells of the brain. Still that will, though enfeebled, exceeds all that man knew before you; through the will you live on, gnawed with famine: And nature no longer obeys you in that death-spreading region;—the sky is a sky of iron, and the air has iron clamps, and the ice-rocks wedge in the ship. Hark how it cracks and groans. Ice will imbed it as amber imbeds a straw. And a man has gone forth, living yet, from the ship and its dead; and he has clambered up the spikes of an iceberg, and the two moons gaze down on his form. That man is yourself; and terror is on you—terror; and terror has swallowed your will. And I see swarming up the steep ice-rock, grey grisly things. The bears of the north have scented their quarry—they come near you and nearer, shambling and rolling their bulk. And in that day every moment shall seem to you longer than the centuries through which you have passed. And heed this—after life, moments continued make the bliss or the hell of eternity."

"Hush," said the whisper; "but the day, you assure me, is far off—very far! I go back to the almond and rose of Damascus!—sleep!"

The room swam before my eyes. I became insensible. When I recovered, I found G—— holding my hand and smiling. He said, "You who have always declared yourself proof against mesmerism, have succumbed at last to my friend Richards."

"Where is Mr. Richards?"

"Gone, when you passed into a trance—saying quietly to me, 'Your friend will not wake for an hour.'"

I asked, as collectedly as I could, where Mr. Richards lodged.

"At the Trafalgar Hotel."

"Give me your arm," said I to G——, "let us call on him; I have something to say."

When we arrived at the hotel, we were told that Mr. Richards had returned twenty minutes before, paid his bill, left directions with his servant (a Greek) to pack his effects, and proceed to Malta by the steamer that should leave Southampton the next day. Mr. Richards had merely said of his own movements, that he had visits to pay in the neighborhood of London, and it was uncertain whether he should be able to reach Southampton in time for that steamer; if not, he should follow in the next one.

The waiter asked me my name. On my informing him, he gave me a note that Mr. Richards had left for me, in case I called.

The note was as follows:—

"I wished you to utter what was in your mind. You obeyed. I have therefore established power over you. For three months from this day, you can communicate to no living man what has passed between us—you cannot even show this note to the friend by your side. During three months, silence complete as to me and mine. Do you doubt my power to lay on you this command?—try to disobey me. At the end of the third month, the spell is raised. For the rest I spare you. I shall visit your grave a year and a day after it has received you."

So ends this strange story, which I ask no one to believe. I write it down exactly three months after I received the above note. I could not write it before, nor could I show to G——, in spite of his urgent request, the note which I read under the gas-lamp by his side.

Wit and Humor.

POEMS BY DR. HOLMES.

Oliver Wendell Holmes—the "Autocrat"—sent two poetical letters to the "Post Office" of an Episcopal Fair at Pittsfield. The letters were disposed of in a raffle, the winner of the first prize selecting the one which he preferred from the motto on the envelope:

MOTTO.

Faith is the conquering angel's crown:
Who hopes for grace must ask it;
Look shrewdly ere you lay me down,
I'm Portia's leaden casket.

The following verses were found within:—

Fair lady, whoso'er thou art,
Turn this poor leaf with tenderest care;
And—hush, oh! hush thy beating heart—
The One thou lovest will be there!

Alas! not loved by thee alone,
Thine idol, ever prone to range;
To-day all thine, to-morrow flown,
Frail thing that every hour may change.

Yet, when that truant course is done,
If thy lost wanderer reappear,
Press to thy heart the only One
That nought can make more truly dear!

Within this note was a slip of paper with the following verses, inclosing a *one* dollar bill:—

Fair lady, lift thine eyes and tell
If this is not a truthful letter,
This is the one (1) thou lovest well,
And nought (0) can make thee love it better (10.)

Though fickle, do not think it strange
That such a friend is worth possessing.
For one that gold can never change,
Is Heaven's own dearest earthly blessing.

The following was the second letter:—

MOTTO.

If man, or boy, or dolt, or scholar,
Will break this seal, he pays his dollar;
But if he reads a single minute,
He'll find *a dollar's worth* within it.

A DOLLAR'S WORTH.

Listen to me and I will try
To tell you what a dollar will buy:

A dollar will buy a voter's conscience,
Or a book of "Fiftieth thousand" nonsense;

Or a ticket to hear a Prima Donna,
Or a fractional part of a statesman's honor;

It will buy a tree to sit in the shade of,
Or half the cotton a *tournure* is made of;

It will buy a glass of rum or gin
At a deacon's store, or a temperance inn,

(The deacon will show you how to mix it,
And the temperance landlord stay and fix it.)

It will buy a painting at B-rb-nk's hall
That will frighten the spiders from off the wall;

Or a dozen teaspoons, of medium size,
That will do for an Agricultural prize;

It will buy four tickets to Barnum's show—
(Late firm of Pharaoh, Herod and Co.);

Or get you a paper that brings by mail
Its weekly "Original thrilling tale—"
Of which the essential striking plot
Is a daddy that's rich and a youth that's not,
Who, seeking in vain for the sire's consent,
Runs off with his daughter—the poor old gent.
The Governor's savage, but soon relents,
And leaves them a million in cash and rents.

Or a hair-wash, patent and warranted too,
That will turn your whiskers from gray to blue,
And dye old threescore as good as new:
So that your wife will open her eyes,
And treat you with coolness and then surprise,
And at last, as you're sidling up to her,
Cry, "I'll call my husband, you saucy cur!"

Or a monochrome landscape, done in an hour,
That looks like a ceiling stained in a shower;

Or a *ride* to Lenox, through mire and clay,
Where you may see, through the live-long day,
Scores of women with couples of men,
Trudging up hill—and down again.

This is what a dollar will do,
With many things as strange, but true;
And now, we want a dollar from you.
P.S.—We shouldn't mind if you made it *two*.

FISHING ANECDOTE.

"Among the manycelebrities of Washington, Judge Bibb, lately deceased, was not the least notable. He was a gentleman of the Old School, and retained knee-breeches and ancient manners until the day of his death. He constantly devoted himself to angling; so much so, indeed, that he was regarded by our juvenile fishermen as a perfect walking (or boating) edition of Izaak Walton.

"On a fine spring morning, about two years since, I started, in company with a party of friends, for the Little Falls of the Potomac. We were 'prospecting' the chances of rock-fish, better known in your latitude as 'striped bass.' It was quite early in the season, but not too early for Judge Bibb. He had arrived long before us, and sat upon a ledge of rock, rod in hand—the very picture of sentinel patience unrelieved. Hailing him from a distance, I asked, with the natural instinct of a fisherman:

"'What luck, Judge?'

"'Luck, sir? worst luck in the world, sir; been fishing here for four hours, and haven't had a nibble!'

"'What bait are you using?'

"'Capital bait; live frog, sir.'

"I ventured to suggest, mildly that perhaps 'live frog' was not such very capital bait;' whereupon the Judge burst forth:

"'Don't tell me, sir! you can't teach me anything, sir! Don't I know? Best bait in the world, sir; only the luck! awful luck! four hours without a nibble!'

"By this time we had reached the Judge's position; and while preparing our tackle Mr. D——, one of the party, observed a frog sitting on the bank, within a few feet of the Judge. Said he,

"'Judge, let me catch a fresh bait for you. I see a frog on the bank close beside you.'

"'Thank you, sir; I wish you would catch that frog, sir. It's been staring me in the face all the morning. I believe it knows that I have one of its family on my hook. Ha! ha! ha! Catch it, sir; by all means catch it.'

"Mr. D—— shortened his rod, and, cautiously striking with the sharp end, pinned the frog through one of its hinder legs. Just then, as Mr. D—— was lifting aloft his prize, the Judge began winding up his reel, and uttered a joyous cry:

"'Hold still, sir! keep quiet! I've got a bite!'

"Rapidly wound the reel, rapidly came in the slackening line, till the last few yards of it floated upon the surface of the stream; and then, with a face that boded thunder, the Judge turned to Mr. D——:

"'Why, sir, you've caught my frog!'

"And so it was. The frog, with the impulse of all amphibious animals when wounded, had made for the shore; and there it had crouched, for four hours, directly under the Judge's nose, and holding his hook out of water."

WHAT THEY WERE GOING TO DO WITH HIM.—A few days since, a party of eighty North Carolinian emigrants *en route* for Oregon, passed through Danville, Missouri. While stopping to make some purchases, one of them was pounced upon by a lawyer of the town, who indulged largely in the not exclusively Yankee recreation of asking questions. The emigrant was quite communicative, and told him that they were going to found a town; the pursuit of each person was already marked out, and there were no drones among them. What was this man to do? He was to open a store. And that? Start a blacksmith's shop. And the other, standing behind him? Engage in sheep raising. So they were nearly all inventorized, when a decrepid white-haired octogenarian, ancestor of about half the company, and looking venerable enough for old Time himself, was observed sitting in one of the wagons.

"Why, who is that?" asked the eager questioner.

"That's my father."

"What is *he* going to do? He can't be of any use to your settlement."

"Oh, yes," replied North Carolina, promptly, "we are taking the old man along to start a grave-yard with!"

FOOTE AND BENTON.—Mr. Foote had said that he would write a little book in which Mr. Benton should figure very largely. Mr. B. heard of this, and replied, in his characteristic way, to the informant.

"Tell Foote that I will write a very *large* book in which he shall not figure at all."

The 'Thirty Years' will show how faithfully this promise was kept.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XXI.

ECHOING FOOTSTEPS.

A wonderful corner for echoes, it has been remarked, that corner where the Doctor lived. Ever busily winding the golden thread which bound her husband, and her father, and herself, and her old doctress and companion, in a life of quiet bliss, Lucie sat in the still house in the tranquilly resounding corner, listening to the echoing footsteps of years.

At first, there were times, though she was a perfectly happy young wife, when her work would slowly fall from her hands, and her eyes would be dimmed. For, there was something coming in the echoes, something light, afar off, and scarcely audible yet, that stirred her heart too much. Fluttering hopes and doubts—hopes, of a love as yet unknown to her; doubts, of her remaining upon earth, to enjoy that new delight—divided her breast. Among the echoes then, there would arise the sound of footsteps at her own early grave; and thoughts of the husband who would be left so desolate, and who would mourn for her so much, swelled to her eyes and broke like waves.

That time passed, and her little Lucie lay on her bosom. Then, among the advancing echoes, there was the tread of her tiny feet and the sound of her prattling words. Let greater echoes resound as they would, the young mother at the cradle side could always hear those coming. They came, and the shady house was sunny with a child's laugh, and the Divine friend of children, to whom in her trouble she had confided hers, seemed to take her child in his arms, as He took the child of old, and made it a sacred joy to her.

Ever busily winding the golden thread that bound them all together, weaving the service of her happy influence through the tissue of all their lives, and making it predominate nowhere, Lucie heard in the echoes of years none but friendly and soothing sounds. Her husband's step was strong and prosperous among them; her father's, firm and equal. Lo, Miss Pross, in harness of string, awakening the echoes, as an unruly charger whip-corrected, snorting and pawing the earth under the plane-tree in the garden!

Even when there were sounds of sorrow among the rest, they were not harsh nor cruel. Even when golden hair, like her own, lay in a halo on a pillow round the worn face of a little boy, and he said, with a radiant smile, "Dear papa and mamma, I am very sorry to leave you both, and to leave my pretty sister; but I am called, and I must go!" those were not tears all of agony that wetted his young mother's cheek, as the spirit departed from her embrace that had been entrusted to it. Suffer them and forbid them not. They see my Father's face. Oh, Father, blessed words!

Thus, the rustling of an Angel's wings got blended with the other echoes, and they were not wholly of earth, but had in them that breath of Heaven. Sighs of the winds that blew over a little garden-tomb were mingled with them also, and both were audible to Lucie, in a hushed murmur—like the breathing of a summer sea asleep upon a sandy shore—as the little Lucie, comically studious at the task of the morning, or dressing a doll at her mother's footstool, chattered in the tongues of the Two Cities that were blended in her life.

The echoes rarely answered to the actual tread of Sydney Carton. Some half-dozen times a year, at most, he claimed his privilege of coming in uninvited, and would sit among them through the evening as he had once done often. He never came there heated with wine. And one other thing regarding him was whispered in the echoes, which has been whispered by all true echoes for ages and ages.

No man ever really loved a woman, lost her, and knew her with a blameless though an unchanged mind, when she was a wife and mother, but her children had a strange sympathy with him—an instinctive delicacy of pity for him. What fine hidden sensibilities are touched in such a case, no echoes tell; but, it is so, and it was so here. Carton was the first stranger to whom little Lucie held out her chubby arms, and he kept his place with her as she grew. The little boy had spoken of him, almost at the last. "Poor Carton! Kiss him for me!"

Mr. Stryver shouldered his way through the law, like some great engine forcing itself through turbid water, and dragged his useful friend in his wake, like a boat towed astern. As the boat so favored is usually in a rough plight and mostly under water, so, Sydney had a swamped life of it. But, easy and strong custom, unhappily so much easier and stronger in him than any stimulating sense of desert or disgrace, made it the life he was to lead; and he no more thought of emerging from his state of lion's jackal, than any real jackal may be supposed to think of rising to be a lion. Stryver was rich; had married a florid widow with property and three boys, who had nothing particularly shining about them but the straight hair of their dumpling heads.

These three young gentlemen, Mr. Stryver, exuding patronage of the most offensive quality from every pore, had walked before him like three sheep to the quiet corner in Soho, and had offered as pupils to Lucie's husband: delicately saying,

"Halloa! here are three lumps of bread and cheese towards your matrimonial picnic, Darnay!"

The polite rejection of the three lumps of bread and cheese had quite bloated Mr. Stryver with indignation, which he afterwards turned to account in the training of the young gentlemen, by directing them to beware of the pride of beggars, like that tutor-fellow. He was also in the habit of declaiming to Mrs. Stryver, over his full-bodied wine, on the arts Mrs. Darnay had once put in practice to "catch" him, and on the diamond-cut-diamond arts in himself, madam, which had rendered him "not to be caught." Some of his King's Bench familiars, who were occasionally parties to the full-bodied wine and the lie, excused him for the latter by saying that he had told it so often, that he believed it himself—which is surely such an incorrigible aggravation of an originally bad offence, as to justify any such offender's being carried off to some suitably retired spot, and there hanged out of the way.

These were among the echoes to which Lucie sometimes pensive, sometimes amused and laughing, listened in the echoing corner, until her little daughter was six years old. How near to her heart the echoes of her child's tread came, and those of her own dear father's, always active and self-possessed, and those of her dear husband's, need not be told. Nor, how the lightest echo of their united home, directed by herself with such a wise and elegant thrift that it was more abundant than any waste, was music to her. Nor, how there were echoes all about her, sweet in her ears of the many times her father had told her that he found her more devoted to him married (if that could be) than single, and of the many times her husband had said to her that no cares and duties seemed to divide her love for him or her help to him, and asked her—

"What is the magic secret, my darling, of your being everything to all of us, as if there were only one of us, yet never seeming to be hurried, or to have too much to do?"

But there were other echoes from a distance, that rumbled menacingly in a corner all through this space of time. And it was now, about little Lucie's sixth birthday, that they began to have an awful sound, as of a great storm in France with a dreadful sea rising.

On a night in mid-July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, Mr. Lorry came in late, from Tellson's, and sat himself down by Lucie and her husband in the dark window. It was a hot, wild night, and they were all three reminded of the old Sunday night when they had looked at the lightning from the same place.

"I began to think," said Mr. Lorry, pushing his brown wig back, "that I should have to pass the night at Tellson's. We have been so full of business all day, that we have not known what to do first, or which way to turn. There is such an uneasiness in Paris, that we have actually a run of confidence upon us! Our customers over there, seem not to be able to confide their property to us fast enough. There is positively a mania among some of them for sending it to England."

"That has a bad look," said Darnay.

"A bad look, you say, my dear Darnay? Yes, but we don't know what reason there is in it. People are so unreasonable! Some of us at Tellson's are getting old, and we really can't be troubled out of the ordinary course without due occasion."

"Still," said Darnay, "you know how gloomy and threatening the sky is."

"I know that, to be sure," assented Mr. Lorry, trying to persuade himself that his sweet temper was soured, and that he grumbled, "but I am determined to be peevish after my long day's botheration. Where is Manette?"

"Here he is!" said the Doctor, entering the dark room at the moment.

"I am quite glad you are at home; for these hurries and forebodings by which I have been surrounded all day long, have made me nervous without reason. You are not going out, I hope?"

"No; I am going to play backgammon with you, if you like," said the Doctor.

"I don't think I do like, if I may speak my mind. I am not fit to be pitted against you to-night. Is the tea-board still there, Lucie? I can't see."

"Of course, it has been kept for you."

"Thank ye, my dear. The precious child is safe in bed?"

"And sleeping soundly."

"That's right; all safe and well! I don't know why anything should be otherwise than safe and well here, thank God; but I have been so put out all day, and I am not as young as I was! My tea, my dear? Thank ye. Now, come and take your place in the circle, and let us sit quiet, and hear the echoes about which you have your theory."

"Not a theory; it was a fancy."

"A fancy, then, my wise pet," said Mr. Lorry, patting her hand. "They are very numerous and very loud, though, are they not? Only hear them!"

Headlong, mad, and dangerous footsteps to force their way into anybody's life, footsteps not easily made clean again if once stained red, the footsteps raging in Saint Antoine afar off, as the little circle sat in the dark London window.

Saint Antoine had been, that morning, a vast dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro, with frequent gleams of light above the billowy heads, where steel blades and bayonets shone in the sun. A tremendous roar arose from the throat of Saint Antoine, and a forest of naked arms struggled in the air like shrivelled branches of trees in a winter wind; all the fingers convulsively clutching at every weapon or semblance of a weapon that was thrown up from the depths below, no matter how far off.

Who gave them out, whence they last came, where they began, through what agency they crookedly quivered and jerked, scores at a time, over the heads of the crowd, like a kind of lightning, no eye in the throng could have told; but, muskets were being distributed—so were cartridges, powder, and ball, bars of iron and wood, knives, axes, pikes, every weapon that distracted ingenuity could discover or devise. People who could lay hold of nothing else, set themselves with bleeding hands to force stones and bricks out of their places in walls. Every pulse and heart in Saint Antoine was on high-fever strain and at high-fever heat. Every living creature there, held life as of no account, and was demented with a passionate readiness to sacrifice it.

As a whirlpool of boiling waters has a centre point, so, all this raging circle was round Defarge's wine-shop, and every human drop in the caldron had a tendency to be sucked towards the vortex where Defarge himself, already begrimed with gunpowder and sweat, issued orders, issued arms, thrust this man back, dragged this man forward, disarmed one to arm another, labored and strove in the thickest of the uproar.

"Keep near to me, Jacques Three," cried Defarge; "and do you, Jacques One and Two, separate and put yourselves at the head of as many of these patriots as you can. Where is my wife?"

"Eh, well! Here you see me!" said madame, composed as ever, but not knitting to-day. Madame's resolute right hand was occupied with an axe, in place of the usual softer implements, and in her girdle were a pistol and a cruel knife.

"Where do you go, my wife?"

"I go," said madame, "with you, at present. You shall see me at the head of women, by-and-by."

"Come, then" cried Defarge, in a resounding voice. "Patriots and friends, we are ready! The Bastile!"

With a roar that sounded as if all the breath in France had been shaped into the detested word, the living sea rose, wave on wave, depth on depth, and overflowed the city to that point. Alarm-bells ringing, drums beating, sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the attack began.

Deep ditches, double draw-bridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. Through the fire and through the smoke—in the fire and in the smoke, for the sea cast him up against a cannon, and on the instant he became a cannonier—Defarge of the wine-shop worked like a manful soldier, Two fierce hours.

Deep ditch, single drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. One drawbridge down! "Work, comrades, all, work! Work, Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques One Thousand, Jacques Two Thousand, Jacques Five-and-Twenty Thousand; in the name of all the Angels or the Devils—which you prefer—work!" Thus Defarge of the wine-shop, still at his gun, which had long grown hot.

"To me, women!" cried madame his wife. "What! We can kill as well as the men when the place is taken!" And to her, with a shrill thirsty cry, trooping women variously armed, but all armed alike in hunger and revenge.

Cannon, muskets, fire and smoke; but, still the deep ditch, the single drawbridge, the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers. Slight displacements of the raging sea, made by the falling wounded. Flashing weapons, blazing torches, smoking wagon-loads of wet straw, hard work at neighboring barricades in all directions, shrieks, volleys, execrations, bravery without stint, boom smash and rattle, and the furious sounding of the living sea; but, still the deep ditch, and the single drawbridge, and the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers, and still Defarge of the wine-shop at his gun, grown doubly hot by the service of Four fierce hours.

A white flag from within the fortress, and a parley—this dimly perceptible through the raging storm, nothing audible in it—suddenly the sea rose immeasurably wider and higher, and swept Defarge of the wine-shop over the lowered drawbridge, past the massive stone outer walls, in among the eight great towers surrendered!

So resistless was the force of the ocean bearing him on, that even to draw his breath or turn his head was as impracticable as if he had been struggling in the surf of the South Sea, until he was landed in the outer court-yard of the Bastille. There, against an angle of a wall, he made a struggle to look about him. Jacques Three was nearly at his side; Madame Defarge, still heading some of her women, was visible in the inner distance, and her knife was in her hand. Everywhere was tumult, exultation, deafening and maniacal bewilderment, astounding noise, yet furious dumb-show.

"The Prisoners!"

"The Records!"

"The secret cells!"

"The instruments of torture!"

"The Prisoners!"

Of all these cries, and ten thousand incoherencies, "The Prisoners!" was the cry most taken up by the sea that rushed in, as if there were an eternity of people, as well as of time and space. When the foremost billows rolled past, bearing the prison officers with them, and threatening them all with instant death if any secret nook remained undisclosed, Defarge laid his strong hand on the breast of one of these men—a man with a gray head who had a lighted torch in his hand—separated him from the rest, and got him between himself and the wall.

"Show me the North Tower!" said Defarge. "Quick!"

"I will faithfully," replied the man, "if you will come with me. But there is no one there."

"What is the meaning of One Hundred and Five, North Tower?" asked Defarge. "Quick!"

"The meaning, monsieur?"

"Does it mean a captive, or a place of captivity? Or do you mean that I shall strike you dead?"

"Kill him!" croaked Jacques Three, who had come close up.

"Monsieur, it is a cell."

"Show it me!"

"Pass this way then."

Jacques Three, with his usual craving on him, and evidently disappointed by the dialogue taking a turn that did not seem to promise bloodshed, held by Defarge's arm as he held by the turnkey's. Their three heads had been close together during this brief discourse, and it had been as much as they could do to hear one another, even then; so tremendous was the noise of the living ocean, in its irruption into the Fortress, and its inundation of the courts and passages and staircases. All around outside, too, it beat the walls with a deep, hoarse roar, from which, occasionally, some partial shouts of tumult broke and leaped into the air like spray.

Through gloomy vaults where the light of day had never shone, past hideous doors of dark dens and cages, down cavernous flights of steps, and again up steep rugged ascents of stone and brick, more like dry waterfalls than staircases, Defarge, the turnkey, and Jacques Three, linked hand and arm, went, with all the speed they could make. Here and there, especially at first, the inundation started on them and swept by; but, when they had done descending, and were winding and climbing up a tower, they were alone. Hemmed in here by the massive thickness of walls and arches, the storm within the fortress and without was only audible to them in a dull, subdued way, as if the noise out of which they had come had almost destroyed their sense of hearing.

The turnkey stopped at a low door, put a key in a clashing lock, swung the door slowly open, and said, as they all bent their heads and passed in:

"One hundred and five, North Tower!"

There was a small, heavily-grated, unglazed window high in the wall, with a stone screen before it, so that the sky could be only seen by stooping low and looking up. There was a small chimney, heavily barred across, a few feet within. There was a heap of old feathery wood ashes on the hearth. There were a stool, and table, and a straw bed. There were the four blackened walls, and a rusted iron ring in one of them.

"Pass that torch slowly along these walls, that I may see them," said Defarge to the turnkey.

The man obeyed, and Defarge followed the light closely with his eyes.

"Stop!—Look here, Jacques!"

"A. M.!" croaked Jacques Three, as he read greedily.

"Alexandre Manette," said Defarge in his ear, following the letters with his swart forefinger, deeply engrained with gunpowder. "And here he wrote 'a poor physician.' And it was he, without doubt, who scratched a calendar on this stone. What is that in your hand? A crowbar? Give it me!"

He had still the linstock of his gun in his own hand. He made a sudden exchange of the two instruments, and turning on the worm-eaten stool and table, beat them to pieces in a few blows.

"Hold the light higher!" he said wrathfully, to the turnkey. "Look among those fragments with care, Jacques. And see! Here is my knife," throwing it to him; "rip open that bed, and search the straw. Hold the light higher, you."

With a menacing look at the turnkey he crawled upon the hearth, and peering up the chimney, struck and prised at its sides with the crowbar, and worked at the iron grating across it. In a few minutes, some mortar and dust came dropping down, which he averted his head to avoid; and in it, and in the old wood-ashes, and in a crevice in the chimney into which his weapon had slipped or wrought itself, he groped with a cautious touch.

"Nothing in the wood, and nothing in the straw, Jacques?"

"Nothing."

"Let us collect them together, in the middle of the cell. So! Light them, you!"

The turnkey fired the little pile, which blazed high and hot. Stooping again to come out at the low-arched door, they left it burning, and retraced their way to the court-yard: seeming to recover their sense of hearing as they came down, until they were in the raging flood once more.

They found it surging and tossing, in quest of Defarge himself. Saint Antoine was clamorous to have its wine-shop-keeper foremost in the guard upon the governor who had defended the Bastille and shot the people. Otherwise, the governor would not be marched to the Hotel de Ville for judgment. Otherwise, the governor would escape, and the people's blood (suddenly of some value, after many years of worthlessness) be unavenged.

In the howling universe of passion and contention that seemed to encompass this grim old officer conspicuous in his grey coat and red decoration, there was but one quite steady figure, and that was a woman's. "See, there is my husband!" she cried, pointing him out. "See Defarge!" She stood immovable close to the grim old officer, and remained immovable close to him; remained immovable close to him through the streets, as Defarge and the rest bore him along; remained immovable close to him when he was got near his destination, and began to be struck at from behind; remained immovable close to him when the long-gathering rain of stabs and blows fell heavy; was so close to him when he dropped dead under it, that, suddenly animated, she put her foot upon his neck, and with her cruel knife—long ready—hewed off his head.

The hour was come, when Saint Antoine was to execute his horrible idea of hoisting up men for lamps to show what he could be and do. Saint Antoine's blood was up, and the blood of tyranny and domination by the iron hand was down—down on the steps of the Hotel de Ville where the governor's body lay—down on the sole of the shoe of Madame Defarge where she had trodden on the body to steady it for mutilation. "Lower the lamp yonder!" cried Saint Antoine, after glaring around for a new means of death: "here is one of his soldiers to be left on guard!" The swinging sentinel was posted, the sea rushed on.

The sea of black and threatening waters, and of destructive upheavings of wave against wave, whose depths were yet unfathomed and whose forces were yet unknown. The remorseless sea of turbulently swaying shapes, voices of vengeance, and faces hardened in the furnaces of suffering until the touch of pity could make no mark on them.

But, in the ocean of faces where every fierce and furious expression was in vivid life, there were two groups of faces—each seven in number—so fixedly contrasting with the rest, that never did sea roll which bore more memorable wrecks with it. Seven faces of prisoners, suddenly released by the storm that had burst their tomb, were carried high over head: all scared, all lost, all wondering and amazed, as if the Last Day were come, and those who rejoiced around them were lost spirits. Other seven faces there were, carried higher, seven dead faces, whose drooping eyelids and half-seen eyes awaited the Last Day. Impassive faces, yet with a suspended—not an abolished—expression on them; faces, rather, in a fearful pause, as having yet to raise the dropped lids of the eyes, and bear witness with the bloodless lips, "THOU DIDST IT!"

Seven prisoners released, seven gory heads on pikes, the keys of the accursed fortress of the eight strong towers, some discovered letters and other memorials of prisoners of old time, long dead or broken hearts,—such, and such-like, the loudly echoing footsteps of Saint Antoine escort through the Paris streets in mid-July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine. Now, Heaven defeat the fancy of Lucie Darnay, and keep these feet far out of her life! For, they are headlong, mad, and dangerous; and in the years so long after the breaking of the cask at Defarge's wine-shop door, they are not easily purified when once stained red.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ He that doeth a base thing in his zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

☞ In a certain northern circuit there is a Scotch magistrate. A convicted felon—a deplorably hard-looking and unmistakable *Paddy*—was brought in to be sentenced.

Judge. "What have you to say?"

Pat. "I crave mercy, yer honor."

Judge. "What countryman are you?"

Pat. "*A Scotchman*, an' plase yer honor; dale gintly wi' the likes o' me!"

A perceptible smile spread over the court-room, and the poor fellow got the full term.—*English Paper.*

☞ One evening, the recital by Lord Byron of the commencement of Coleridge's spectral poem, "Christabel," conjured up in Shelley's mind, by an association of ideas, a vision of a beautiful woman with four eyes, two of which were glancing at him from out of her breast; and he rushed from the room in an agony of horror.

☞ It is said that the hackmen of San Francisco have a new way of "forcing the season." Standing at the door of a concert hall as the company emerges, one is seen with an outspread umbrella, upon which a brother hackman is pouring water, to convey the idea that it is raining.

☞ In all sciences the errors precede the truth, and it is better they should go first than last.—*H. Walpole.*

☞ Some young ladies feeling themselves aggrieved by the severity with which their friends animadverted on their gay plumes, crinolines, scarlet petticoats and flounces, went to their pastor to learn his opinion. "Do you think," said they, "that there can be any impropriety in our wearing these things?" "By no means," was the reply. "When the heart is full of ridiculous notions it is perfectly proper to hang out a sign."

☞ CONQUEST—A short word for the aggregate of all the crimes, and all the mischief that man is capable of committing or of suffering by,—in particular for *murder*, *robbery*, and *violence*, in every other imaginable shape, committed all of them upon the very largest scale.—*Jeremy Bentham.*

A GOOD FIGHT.

BY CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," "NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XV.

"I hope 'tis the Burgomaster that carries the light," said the escaped prisoner, panting with a strange mixture of horror and exultation. The soldier, he knew, would send an arrow through a burgher or a burgomaster, as he would through a boar in a wood.

But who may foretell the future, however near! The bow instead of remaining firm, and loosing the deadly shaft, was seen to waver first, then shake violently, and the stout soldier staggered back to them, his knees knocking and his cheeks blanched with fear. He let his arrow fall, and clutched Gerard's shoulder.

"Let me feel flesh and blood," he gasped; "the haunted tower! the haunted tower!"

His terror communicated itself to Margaret and Gerard. They could hardly find breath to ask him what he had seen.

"Hush!" he cried, "it will hear you. *Up* the wall! it is going *up* the wall! Its head is on fire. *Up* the wall, as mortal creatures walk upon green sward. If you know a prayer, say it! For hell is loose to-night."

"I have power to exorcise spirits," said Gerard, trembling. "I will venture forth."

"Go alone, then!" said Martin, "I have looked on't once, and live."

Gerard stepped forth, and Margaret seized his hand and held it convulsively, and they crept out.

Sure enough a sight struck their eyes that benumbed them as they stood. Half-way up the tower, a creature with fiery head, like an enormous glow-worm, was going steadily up the wall; the body was dark, but its outline visible, and the whole creature not much less than four feet long.

At the foot of the tower stood a thing in white, that looked exactly like the figure of a female. Gerard and Margaret palpitated with awe.

"The rope—the rope! It is going up the rope—not the wall," gasped Gerard.

As they gazed, the glow-worm disappeared in Gerard's late prison, but its light illuminated the cell inside and reddened the window. The white figure stood motionless below.

Such as can retain their senses after the first prostrating effect of the supernatural, are apt to experience terror in one of its strangest forms, a wild desire to fling themselves upon the terrible object. It fascinates them as the snake the bird. The great tragedian Macready used to render this finely in Macbeth at Banquo's second appearance. He flung himself with averted head at the horrible shadow. This strange impulse now seized Margaret. She put down Gerard's hand quietly, and stood fascinated; then, all in a moment, with a wild cry, darted towards the spectre. Gerard, not aware of the natural impulse I have spoken of, never doubted the evil one was drawing her to perdition. He fell on his knees.

"Exorcizo vos. In nomine beatæ Mariæ, exorcizo vos."

While he was shrieking his incantations in extremity of terror, to his infinite relief he heard the spectre utter a feeble cry of fear. To find that hell had also its little weaknesses was encouraging. He redoubled his exorcisms, and presently he saw the shape kneeling at Margaret's knees, and heard it praying piteously for mercy.

Poor little spectre! It took Margaret for the ill spirit of the haunted tower, come flying out on it—to damn it.

Kate and Giles had soon reached the haunted tower. Judge their surprise when they found a new rope dangling from the prisoner's window to the ground.

"I see how it is," said the inferior intelligence taking facts as they came. "Our Gerard has come down this rope. He has got clear. Up I go, and see."

"No, Giles, no!" said the superior intelligence blinded by prejudice. "See you not this is glamour. This rope is a line the evil one casts out to wile you to destruction. He knows the weaknesses of all our hearts; he has seen how fond you are of going up things. Where should our Gerard procure a rope? how fasten it in the very sky like that? It is not in nature. Holy saints protect us this night, for hell is abroad."

"Stuff," said the dwarf: "the way to hell is down, and this rope leads up. I never had the luck to go up such a long rope. It may be years ere I fall in with such a long rope all ready fastened for me. As well be knocked on the head at once as never know enjoyment."

And he sprung on to the rope with a cry of delight, as a cat jumps with a mew on a table where fish is. All the gymnast was on fire; and the only concession Kate could gain from him was permission to fasten the lantern on his neck first.

"A light scares the ill spirits," said she.

And so, with his huge arms, and legs like feathers, Giles went up the rope faster than his brother came down it. The light at the nape of his neck made a glow-worm of him. His sister watched his progress with trembling anxiety. Suddenly a female figure started out of the solid masonry, and came flying at her with more than mortal velocity.

Kate uttered a feeble cry. It was all she could, for her tongue clove to her palate with terror. Then she dropped her crutches, and sank upon her knees, hiding her face and moaning:

"Take my body, but spare my soul!" &c.

Margaret (panting). "Why it is a woman!"

Kate (quivering). "Why it is a woman!"

Margaret. "How you frightened me."

Kate. "I am frightened enough myself. Oh! oh! oh!"

"This is strange. But the fiery-headed thing! Yet it was with you, and you are harmless. But why are you here at this time of night?"

"Nay, why are *you*?"

"Perhaps we are on the same errand? Ah! you are his *good* sister, Kate."

"And you are Margaret Brandt."

"Yes."

"All the better. You love him: you are here. Then Giles was right. He has escaped."

Gerard came forward, and put the question at rest. But all further explanation was cut short by a horrible unearthly cry, like a sepulchre exulting aloud:

"PARCHMENT!—PARCHMENT!—PARCHMENT!"

At each repetition it rose in intensity. They looked up, and there was the dwarf with his hands full of parchments, and his face lighted with fiendish joy, and lurid with diabolical fire. The light being at his neck, a more infernal "transparency" never startled mortal eye. With the word the awful imp hurled the parchment down at the astonished heads below. Down came the records, like wounded wild ducks, some collapsed, others fluttering, and others spread out and wheeling slowly down in airy circles. They had hardly settled, when again the sepulchral roar was heard: "Parchment!—Parchment!" and down pattered and sailed another flock of documents—another followed; they whitened the grass. Finally, the fire-headed imp, with his light body and horny hands, slid down the rope like a falling star, and (business before sentiment) proposed to Gerard an immediate settlement for the merchandise he had just delivered.

"Hush!" said Gerard, "you speak too loud. Gather them up and follow us to a safer place than this."

"Will you not come home with me, Gerard?"

"I have no home."

"You shall not say so, Gerard. Who is more welcome than you will be, after this cruel wrong, to your father's house?"

"Father? I have no father," said Gerard, sternly. "He that was my father, is turned my jailor. I have escaped from his hands; I will never come within their reach again."

"An enemy did this, and not our father," said Kate.

And she told him what she had overheard Cornelis and Sybrandt say. But the injury was too recent to be soothed. Gerard showed a bitterness of indignation he had hitherto seemed incapable of.

"Cornelis and Sybrandt are two ill curs that have shown me their teeth and their heart a long while; but they could do no more. My father it is that gave the Burgomaster authority, or he durst not have laid a finger on me, that am a free burgher of this town. So be it, then. I was his son—I am his prisoner. He has played his part—I shall play mine. Farewell, the town where I was born and lived honestly, and was put in prison. While there is another town left in creation, I'll never trouble you again, Tergou."

"Oh, Gerard! Gerard!"

Margaret whispered her:—

"Do not gainsay him now. Give his choler time to cool!"

Kate turned quickly towards her.

"Let me look at your face!" The inspection was favorable, it seemed, for she whispered:—"It is a comely face, and no mischief-maker's."

"Fear me not," said Margaret, in the same tone. "I could not be happy without your love as well as Gerard's."

"These are comfortable words," sobbed Kate. Then, looking up, she said, "I little thought to like you so well. My heart is willing, but my infirmity will not let me embrace you."

At this point Margaret turned gently round to Gerard's sister, and kissed her lovingly.

"Often he has spoken of you to me, Kate, and often I longed for this."

"You, too, Gerard," said Kate, "kiss me ere you go, for my heart lies heavy at parting with you this night."

Gerard kissed her, and she went on her crutches home. The last thing they heard of her was a little patient sigh. Then the tears came and stood thick in Margaret's eyes; but Gerard was a man, and noticed it not.

As they turned to go to Sevenbergen, the dwarf nudged Gerard with his bundle of parchments, and sought remuneration.

Margaret dissuaded Gerard.

"Why take what is not ours?"

"Oh, spoil an enemy how you can."

"But may they not make this a handle for fresh violence?"

"How can they? Think you I shall stay in Tergou after this? The Burgomaster robbed me of my liberty; I would take his life for it if I could."

"Oh, fie, Gerard!"

"What? Is life worth more than liberty? Well, I can't take his life, so I take the first thing that comes to hand."

He gave Giles a few small coins, with which the urchin was gladdened, and shuffled after his sister. Margaret and Gerard were speedily joined by Martin, and away to Sevenbergen.

CHAPTER XVI.

Ghysbrecht Van Swieten kept the key of Gerard's prison in his pouch. He waited till ten of the clock ere he visited him; for he said to himself, "A little hunger sometimes does well; it breaks them." At ten he crept up the stairs with a loaf and pitcher, followed by his trusty servant well armed. Ghysbrecht listened at the door. There was no sound inside. A grim smile stole over his features.

"By this time he will be as down-hearted as Albert Koestein was," thought he. He opened the door.

No Gerard.

Ghysbrecht stood stupefied.

Although his face was not visible, his body seemed to lose all motion in so peculiar a way, and then after a little he fell a trembling so, that the servant behind him saw there was something amiss, and crept close to him and peeped over his shoulder. At sight of the empty cell and the rope, and iron bar, he uttered a loud exclamation of wonder; but his surprise doubled when his master, disregarding all else, suddenly flung himself on his knees before the empty chest, and felt wildly all over it with quivering hands, as if unwilling to trust his eyes in a matter so important.

The servant gazed at him in utter bewilderment.

"Why, master, what is the matter?"

Ghysbrecht's pale lips worked as if he was going to answer; but they uttered no sound; his hands fell by his side, and he stared into the chest.

"Why, master what avails glaring into that empty box? He is not there. See here! Note the cunning of the young rogue; he hath taken out the bar, and—"

"GONE! GONE! GONE!"

"Gone? What is gone? Holy saints! he is planet struck."

"STOP THIEF!" shrieked Ghysbrecht, and suddenly turned on his servant and collared him, and shook him with rage. "D'ye stand there, knave, and see your master robbed? Run! fly! A hundred crowns to him that finds it me again. No, no! 'tis in vain. Oh, fool! fool! to leave that in the same room with him. But none ever found the secret spring before. None ever would but he. It was to be. It is to be. Lost! lost!" And his years and infirmity now gained the better of his short-lived frenzy, and he sank on the chest muttering "lost! lost!"

"What is lost, master?" said the servant kindly.

"House and lands and good name," groaned Ghysbrecht, and wrung his hands feebly.

"What?" cried the servant.

This emphatic word and the tone of eager curiosity struck on Ghysbrecht's ear, and revived his natural cunning.

"I have lost the town records," stammered he, and he looked askant at the man like a fox caught near a hen-roost.

"Oh, is that all?"

"Is't not enough? What will the burghers say to me? What will the burgh do? Then he suddenly burst out again, "A hundred crowns to him who shall recover them; all, mind, all that were in this box. If one be missing, I give nothing."

"'Tis a bargain, master; the hundred crowns are in my pouch. See you not that where Gerard Gerardszoen is, there are the pieces of sheepskin you rate so high?"

"That is true; that is true; good Dierich; good, faithful Dierich! All, mind, all, that were in the chest."

"Master, I will take the constables to Gerard's house and seize him for the theft."

"The theft? ay! good! very good! It is theft. I forgot that. So as he is a thief now, we will put him in the dungeons below; where the toads are and the rats. Dierich, that man must never see daylight again. 'Tis his own fault. He must be prying. Quick, quick! ere he has time to talk, you know, time to talk."

In less than half an hour Dierich Brower and four constables entered the hosier's house and demanded young Gerard of the panic-stricken Catherine.

"Alas! what has he done now?" cried she; "that boy will break my heart."

"Nay, dame, but a trick of youth," said Dierich. "He hath but made off with certain skins of parchment, in a frolic doubtless; but the Burgomaster is answerable to the burgh for their safe keeping, so he is in care about them; as for the youth, he will doubtless be quit for a reprimand."

This smooth speech completely imposed on Catherine; but her daughter was more suspicious, and that suspicion was strengthened by the disproportionate anger and disappointment Dierich showed the moment he learned Gerard was not at home—had not been at home that night.

"Come away then," said he, roughly. "We are wasting time." He added, vehemently, "I'll find him if he is above ground."

Affection sharpens the wits, and often it has made an innocent person more than a match for the wily. As Dierich was going out, Kate made him a signal she would speak with him privately. He bade his men go on, and waited outside the door. She joined him.

"Hush!" said she, "my mother knows not. Gerard has left Tergou."

"How?"

"I saw him last night."

"Ay? Where?" cried Dierich, eagerly.

"At the foot of the haunted tower."

"How did he get the rope?"

"I know not; but this I know; my brother Gerard bade me there farewell, and he is many leagues from Tergou ere this. The town, you know, was always unworthy of him, and when it imprisoned him he vowed never to set foot in it again. Let the Burgomaster be content, then. He has imprisoned him, and he has driven him from his birthplace and from his native land. What need now to rob him and us of our good name?"

This might at another moment have struck Dierich as good sense; but he was too mortified at this escape of Gerard and the loss of a hundred crowns.

"What need had he to steal?" returned he, bitterly.

"Gerard stole not the trash; he but *took* it to spite the Burgomaster, who stole his liberty; but he shall answer to the Duke for it, he shall. Look in the nearest brook or stye, and maybe you shall find these skins of parchment you keep such a coil about."

"Think ye so, mistress?—think ye so?" And Dierich's eyes flashed. "Mayhap you know 'tis so."

"This I know, that Gerard is too good to steal, and too wise to load himself with rubbish, going a journey."

"Give you good day, then," said Dierich, sharply. "The sheepskin you scorn, I value it more than the skin of any he in Tergou."

And he went off hastily on a false scent.

Kate returned into the house and drew Giles aside.

"Giles, my heart misgives me; breathe not to a soul what I say to you. I have told Dirk Brower that Gerard is out of Holland, but much I doubt he is not a league from Tergou."

"Why, where is he, then?"

"Where should he be, but with her he loves? But if so he must not loiter. These be deep and dark and wicked men that seek him. Giles, I see that in Dirk Brower's eye makes me tremble. Oh! why cannot I fly to Sevenbergen, and bid him away? Why am I not lusty and active like other girls? God forgive me for fretting at His will; but I never felt till now what it is to be lame and weak and useless. But you are strong, dear Giles," added she coaxingly—"you are very strong."

"Yes, I am strong!" thundered Perpusillus; then, catching sight of her meaning, "but I hate to go on foot," he added, sulkily.

"Alas! alas! who will help me if you will not? Dear Giles, do you not love Gerard?"

"Yes, I like him best of the lot. I'll go to Sevenbergen on Peter Buysken's mule. Ask you him, for he won't lend her me."

Kate remonstrated. The whole town would follow him. It would be known whither he was gone, and Gerard be in worse danger than before.

Giles parried this by promising to ride out of the town the opposite way, and not turn the mule's head towards Sevenbergen till he had got rid of the curious.

Kate then assented, and borrowed the mule. She charged Giles with a short but meaning message, and made him repeat it after her, over and over, till he could say it word for word.

Giles started on the mule, and little Kate retired, and did the last thing now in her power for her beloved brother; prayed on her knees long and earnestly for his safety.

CHAPTER XVII.

Gerard and Margaret went gaily to Sevenbergen in the first flush of recovered liberty, and successful adventure. But these soon yielded to sadder thoughts. Neither of them attached any importance to the abstraction of the sheepskins; but Gerard was an escaped prisoner, and liable to be retaken and perhaps punished; and therefore he and Margaret would have to part for a time. Moreover he had conceived a hatred to his native place. Margaret wished him to leave the country for a while, but at the thought of his going to Italy, her heart fainted. Gerard, on the contrary, was reconciled to leaving Margaret only by his desire to visit Italy, and his strong conviction that there he should earn money and reputation, and remove every obstacle to their marriage. He had already told her all that the demoiselle Van Eyck had said to him. He repeated it, and reminded Margaret that the gold pieces were only given him to go to Italy with. The journey to Italy was clearly for Gerard's interest. He was a craftsman and an artist, lost in this boorish place. In Italy they would know how to value him. On this ground, above all, the unselfish girl gave her consent; but many tender tears came with it, and at that Gerard, young and loving as herself, cried bitterly with her, and often they asked one another what they had done, that so many different persons should be their enemies, and combine, as it seemed, to part them.

They sat hand in hand till midnight, now deploring their hard fate, now drawing bright and hopeful pictures of the future, in the midst of which Margaret's tears would suddenly flow, and then poor Gerard's eloquence would die away in a sigh.

The morning found them resigned to part, but neither had the courage to say when; and much I doubt whether the hour of parting ever would have struck.

But about three in the afternoon, Giles, who had made a circuit of many miles to avoid suspicion, rode up to the *door*. They both ran out to him, eager with curiosity. He soon turned that light feeling to dismay.

"Brother Gerard," cried he, in his tremendous tones, "Kate bids you run for your life. They charge you with theft; you have given them a handle. Think not to explain. Hope not for justice in Tergou! The parchments you took they are but a blind. She hath seen your death in the men's eyes: a price is on your head. Fly! For Margaret's sake and all who love you, loiter not life away, but fly!"

It was a thunder-clap, and left two pale faces looking at one another, awestruck.

Then Giles, who had hitherto but uttered by rote what Catherine bade him, put in a word of his own.

"All the constables were at our house after you, and so was Dirk Brower. Kate is wise, Gerard. Best give ear to her rede, and fly."

"Oh, yes! Gerard," cried Margaret, wildly. "Fly on the instant. Ah! those parchments; my mind misgave me: why did I let you take them?"

"Margaret, they are but a blind: Giles says so: no matter, the old caitiff shall never see them again; I will not go till I have hidden his treasure where he shall never find it." Gerard then, after thanking Giles warmly, bade him farewell, and told him to go back, and tell Kate he was gone. "For I shall be gone, ere you reach home," said he. He shouted for Martin; and told him what had happened, and begged him to go a little way towards Tergou, and watch the road.

"Ay!" said Martin, "and if I see Dirk Brower, or any of his men, I will shoot an arrow into the oak tree that is in our garden; and on that you must run into the forest hard by, and meet me at the weird hunter's spring. Then I will guide you through the wood."

Surprise thus provided against, Gerard breathed again. He went with Margaret, and while she watched the oak tree tremblingly, fearing every moment to see an arrow strike among the branches, Gerard dug a deep hole to bury the parchments in.

He threw them in, one by one. They were nearly all charters and records of the burgh: but one appeared to be a private deed between Floris Brandt, father of Peter, and Ghysbrecht.

"Why this is as much yours as his," said Gerard. "I will read this."

"Oh, not now, Gerard, not now," cried Margaret. "Every moment you lose fills me with fear; and see, large drops of rain are beginning to fall, and the clouds lower."

Gerard yielded to this remonstrance: but he put the deed into his bosom, and threw the earth in over the others and stamped it down. While thus employed there came a flash of lightning, followed by a peal of distant thunder, and the rain came down heavily. Margaret and Gerard ran into the house, whither they were speedily followed by Martin.

"The road is clear," said he, "and a heavy storm coming on."

His words proved true. The thunder came nearer and nearer till it crashed overhead: the flashes followed one another close, like the strokes of a whip, and the rain fell in torrents. Margaret hid her face not to see the lightning. On this Gerard put up the rough shutter, and lighted a candle. The lovers consulted together, and Gerard blessed the storm that gave him a few hours more with Margaret. The sun set unperceived, and still the thunder pealed, and the lightning flashed, and the rain poured. Supper was set; but Gerard and Margaret could not eat: the thought that this was the last time they should sup together, choked them. The storm lulled a little. Peter retired to rest. But Gerard was to go at peep of day, and neither he nor Margaret could afford to lose an hour in sleep. Martin sat up a while, too: for he was fitting a new string to his bow, a matter in which he was very nice.

The lovers murmured their sorrows and their love beside him.

Suddenly the old man held up his hand to them to be silent.

They were quiet and listened, and heard nothing. But the next moment a footstep crackled faintly upon the autumn leaves that lay strewn in the garden at the back door of the house. To those who had nothing to fear such a step would have said nothing: but to those who had enemies it was terrible. For it was a foot trying to be noiseless.

Martin fitted an arrow to his string, and hastily blew out the candle. At this moment, to their horror, they heard more than one footstep approach the other door of the cottage, not quite so noiselessly as the other, but very stealthily—and then a dead pause. Their blood almost froze in their veins.

"Oh, Kate! oh, Kate! She said, fly on the instant!" And Margaret moaned, and wrung her hands in anguish and terror and wild remorse.

"Hush, girl!" said Martin, in a stern whisper; and even at that moment a heavy knock fell on the door. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

CAMPHENE AND COSMETICS.

A Cincinnati belle met with a terrible accident, recently. She had, for some time past, been in the habit of bathing herself, just before retiring, with a mixture of camphene and salt, generally known to be quite excellent as a method by which to preserve the complexion, and make the skin clear and smooth. During her customary nightly ablution, on Tuesday, the camphene took fire from a lamp upon her toilet table, and her face was severely burnt. She had been much admired for her beauty. In reference to the use of camphene as a cosmetic, the *Philadelphia Bulletin* says:—

"Apart from the very great danger of putting on such a cosmetic when there is a light or fire in the room, there is the further drawback that it answers the purpose very badly for which it is intended, and is sure in the end to ruin the complexion altogether. Yet as this is a subject interesting to many, and it is natural for every one to wish to appear beautiful, we will give our lady readers a hint or two, worth all the camphene recipes in the world.

"The most infallible recipe to secure a pure complexion, is to live on but few articles of food. In every part of the world where fine complexions, whether blond or brunette abound, it will be found that people are healthy, and that the peasantry or country people have the finest. Of all the causes of bad complexion among women hot bread, or biscuit, or cakes, and next to them heavy bread, is the worst. Plain warm water is one of the most effectual agents to remove sunburn, but it may be aided by Indian meal or lemon juice. There is a popular preparation of corrosive sublimate and rose water, which, used in limited quantities, is said to be effectual. But of all preparations, the best by far, infinitely surpassing any preparations of camphene and salt, and what is more, infinitely more agreeable to use, is the celebrated *lac virginis* or 'virgin's milk,' so well known to the beauties of the courts of Charles the Second and Louis the XIV., and to which the dazzling complexions, now faintly reflected in the pictures of Vandyke and Mignard, are, with some exaggeration, attributed. This *lac virginis* is nothing but a few drops of the tincture of benzoin, sold by every apothecary, in a wineglass of water. The mixture forms a milk or what French perfumers term an *emulsion*, which is very pleasant both as regards smell and its feeling on the skin when used to wash with. The French prepare several emulsions of this nature, all perfectly harmless, and some exquisitely agreeable, such as the celebrated *eau de toilette*. The reader, curious in such matters, may consult Piesse on Perfumery, for an account of the preparation of these and all other cosmetics.

"But the great recipe, before which all cosmetics are as trash indeed, is daily bathing and careful friction with hair gloves and towels. When the body has been made healthy by proper diet, exercise and medicines; when care is taken to avoid excess of acidity, and when the digestion is in perfect order, then that complexion must indeed be an obstinate one which will not improve with bathing and long continued friction. Not only softness but actual brilliancy of skin, as though one had bathed in the famous Schlangenbad, is often the result of this, so that the lady who tries it may exclaim with the Countess who essayed the German bath in question, 'I've really fallen in love with myself.'"

WATER SPOUTS.—A letter from Key West, Fla., says:

It is not long since we had a most magnificent exhibition of water spouts in the harbor. From a single cloud in the northwest we counted no less than thirteen, all playing away most beautifully, probably for a prize trident or trumpet. We have read somewhere of twelve water spouts being seen at Malta at once; but Key West has beaten Malta. A water spout here is almost of daily occurrence. One crossed the harbor last week and passed within one hundred feet of a fishing boat. It took up one of Lieutenant Wescott's buoys, and whirled it about and about in the air; but the mooring anchor being too heavy it was not carried off.

A NEW shot-gun has been perfected at Colt's armory, which will probably be in market next winter. It is made for five charges, on the revolver principle, and is loaded and fired with great facility. A reed bird shooter would soon fill his game-bag with such a gun.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has, it is said, frightful nervous shocks which entirely banish sleep, and which were produced by the battle of Solferino. He sees all the dreadful scenes of the battle over again during these attacks. If the story is not exaggerated, the Emperor must have been considerably more scared than hurt by his military experience.

THE hostile feeling has become so intense between Messrs. Gwin and Broderick of California, that it was expected that a duel would take place immediately after the election.

THE WESTERN CORN CROP.—The Cincinnati Commercial says:—The prospects for a corn crop of full average yield throughout the region of country about which there was recently so much apprehension, have been well reassured by the generous rains of the last two weeks, and the increased amount of land planted throughout the west will make the yield of this great staple, if present anticipations are realized, much greater than ever before gathered.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 176—Adults 67, and children 109.

LOST CHILDREN IN THE WOODS.

The Paterson (N. J.,) Guardian, noticing the finding of a little girl who had wandered into the woods at West Milford, and remained from Monday till Thursday, before she was discovered, says:

"When found, five miles away, she was in a famished condition, and ravenously devoured some bread which her discoverers happened to have in their possession. Bordering the house of her parents is a spring or brook, where the family washing is usually done. Whilst the mother was at the brook, washing, the little one, aged about three and a half years, was playing about the bushes with a child somewhat older. As the bushes were quite thick, and the country back mountainous and uninhabited, it proved impossible to find the lost child, and she would undoubtedly have perished, but for her accidental discovery by a farmer and his man, who were going over the mountain to cut a little plot of grass, when they saw the little thing trying to get away through the underbrush. Her feet were bare, and, with her arms, were all scratched and wounded by briars and brush, by which they had been torn. Upon offering her a piece of bread from their dinner pail, she snatched it and devoured it almost ravenously. Her little hood she had kept upon her head although it had been untied all the while; it is singular that during the days and nights spent in the woods she had kept this little hood. She was found in a direct line five miles from home; but how far she may have travelled in her wanderings to get that distance away cannot be told. She must have gone over rocky places where she was in constant danger of tumbling over precipices, and where rattlesnakes are so thick as to keep men and boys in fear from their proximity. She had also forced her way through briars, over swamps and through thick scrub districts where only huntsmen penetrate, for the country throughout is the wildest and most impenetrable. She was so young as to be without fear, but must have suffered terribly from hunger and from the pains of her lacerated limbs.

The Columbus (Ohio) Statesman, speaks of a child who was less fortunate in being discovered, and who perished in the woods. It says:

"About a fortnight ago, a bright little girl, six years of age, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. King, living about four miles from Kalida, Putnam county, in this State, went with her mother to visit a neighbor, and while there accompanied the neighbor's children to carry water to the father, working in a field. On the way some childish quarrel occurred between them, and their little visitor, vexed and grieved, started to return to the house, which was in view. Probably reflecting more upon the wound which her feelings had received than of the path she was following, she strayed away into the woods and was lost. The other children returned in due season, but Mrs. King was only suprised that her child was not with them. Search was immediately commenced, but when night came, and the little one was not found, the anxiety of the mother became terrible. The search was continued the next day and the next, without success. The whole neighborhood was aroused, and the people of the county, to the number of five hundred per day, generously volunteered their services and traversed the woods, and the forest rang with their alarms night and day, in search of the lost child. On the ninth day the little one was found, lying over two logs, where it had fallen, too weak to proceed, within two miles of the spot where it was last seen, dead. It had removed all its clothing, and when found was quite naked, its bonnet hanging on a limb, and its dress lying in a play-house which she had built to while away the lonely hours. It had died within a few hours of the time at which it was found. The spot had frequently been passed, but the most of the search had been extended too far. When the dead body of the child was taken into the presence of the mother, and the hope which had sustained her throughout the search was gone, her reason tottered and she became insane."

A Swindling Rascal.—A fellow came to this city some time ago, and advertised for a number of young ladies to go South to fill situations as teachers of music. Fifteen young women were accepted by the advertizer. They were to have remunerative employment in the families of wealthy Southern planters, and in every respect their future prospects were of the most flattering description. It was simply stipulated by the advertiser that the ladies should defray in part their expenses to their respective destinations. On arriving in New York, en route for the South, the sharper took charge of the baggage of the ladies, collected from them about one hundred and fifty dollars for their fare in the steamship, and while they were waiting patiently at the hotel for him to conduct them on board, he decamped with his plunder. A pickpocket is a hero compared with a rascal like this one. The baggage fortunately was recovered at Washington.

It is further stated that many of the advertisements in New York papers, of teachers wanted to go South, are inserted at the instance of Southern libertines in quest of victims; that in such cases the young women are outraged on their journey, or discharged in the event of a successful resistance to the importunity which they encounter. Northern school agencies often act in collusion with such parties, either ignorantly or through design, and aid in decoying victims to the net. In all such applications, the most undoubted references should be demanded and given on both sides.

—Since the above was in print, the swindler himself has been arrested at Washington. He was recognized as Hiram P. Leslie, heretofore temporarily employed as a laborer in the Patent Office. His valise contained a large number of letters from various parts of the country, the contents of some of which show that he has travelled south, and was extensively engaged in dishonest schemes. He has a wife living in Washington. Two large travelling trunks claimed by him are at the express office, and are supposed to contain many valuables belonging to his victims. He has been committed to await the requisition of the Governor of New York. Leslie had no person with him when arrested. He took lodgings with his wife at her residence. There is no probability that any of his victims came south with him.

Into Rhode Island.—In strolling about one of the New England maritime villages a week since, I came across, in one of its neat cemeteries a substantial marble obelisk, bearing the following inscription, which I send you for the benefit of your million of readers in general, and of Rhode Island in particular. It is an instance of posthumous spite quite refreshing in these days—none the less from its showing there is occasionally a "gritty" individual to be found in these degenerate times:—

WHEN RHODE ISLAND, BY HER LEGISLATION,
FROM 1843 to 1850,
REPUDIATED HER REVOLUTIONARY DEBT,
DR. RICHMOND
REMOVED FROM THAT STATE TO THIS BOROUGH, AND SELECTED THIS AS HIS FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE; UNWILLING THAT THE REMAINS OF HIMSELF AND FAMILY SHOULD BE DISGRACED BY FORMING PART OF THE COMMON EARTH OF A
REPUDIATING STATE.
Stonington, June, 1850.

The obverse side contains the obituaries of the testy Doctor and his faithful spouse; and a further inscription states that a sum of money has been deposited with the Town Treasurer, the interest of which is to be expended in keeping the monument in good repair and preservation *forever!*"

It is reported that Stevenson, the celebrated English engineer, received $225,000 for the plan of the Victoria Bridge at Montreal.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. Louis Blanc has addressed a letter to the London Daily News, in which he admits that Louis Napoleon could scarcely do more for the political exiles than he has just done, but asks: "Why should the exiles return to France?" He then replies, "Better stay in the land of unfettered thought and freedom—better live where an exile is to remain free."

The McDonogh Estate.—From the report of the Baltimore city agents, it appears that the McDonogh estate, as far as Baltimore is interested, has practically been liquidated; that the property has been sold, with certain reservations, and all the debts, legacies and liabilities of the estate settled. From the accounts rendered by the agents it appears that the nett value of the legacy to Baltimore is $663,661.

Lately, an English lawyer succeeded in proving his innocence of a crime for which he had been sent to the penal settlement, publicly whipped, and kept for some time in chains. He spent $50,000 in litigation, in proving himself the victim of a foul conspiracy, and has been awarded, by Parliament, $25,000 as a settlement of the matter. Rather tardy and cruel justice.

Chabert, the fire-king, who some thirty-five years ago astonished everybody by going into a red-hot oven and cooking beef-steaks in it, died a few days ago of consumption of the lungs. Though he defied heat, he could not stand a cold.

The Southern countries have been remarkably free from sickness during this summer. In New Orleans the yellow fever has not made its appearance. In Vera Cruz, up to the 13th of August, there had not been a single case of the fever. It was never before known to be free of the disease so late in the season.

The adjudicators of the prizes offered in England for the best essays on the causes of the decline in the Society of Friends, have awarded the first prize to Mr. J. S. Rowntree, of York, and the second to Mr. Thomas Hancock, of Nottingham. In consequence of the excellence of the second successful essay, the donor has made the second prize equal to the first in money value.

Fast Girls in Germany.—Recently a most extraordinary race took place in a fashionable ladies' seminary school in the Thier garden, Berlin, where thirty-three young ladies contested for the championship in swimming. The winner, who is nineteen years of age, and very handsome, is said to have proved that she might as well challenge the other sex as her own. The race was followed by an elegant luncheon, only ladies being present, and the promenaders in the neighborhood listened with astonishment to the lusty cheers that followed the toasts.

Chunk Outdone.—The impossibility of rendering a strong box altogether safe against theft by means of skeleton keys, has led a locksmith in Frankfort-on-the-Main to hit upon the ingenious idea of constructing a strong box without any keyhole at all, and which even the owner himself cannot open. Why, what's the use of such a box? you will ask. But observe, inside is a clockwork, the hand of which the owner places at the hour and minute when he again wants access to the box. The clockwork begins to move as soon as the lid is shut, and opens the lock from the inside at the moment which the hand indicates. Time, dependent upon the owner, is the key to the lock—a key which can neither be stolen from him nor imitated.

Vaccination of Cattle.—The London Medical Times says that in Holland there are three assurance offices for cattles' lives. One company has all its assured cattle vaccinated, as a preservation against contagious pneumonia.—Another company inoculates only when the disease has invaded the animals' stalls. The third company does not vaccinate at all. It has been calculated that the first company has lost 6 per cent. of cattle; the second 11 per cent., and the third 40 per cent.

A returned Californian reached home a week or two ago, with between $15,000 and $16,000 in gold coin. Feeling it unsafe to keep so much money about him, and suspicious of the honesty of banking institutions, he determined to bury it, which he accordingly did, without informing any one of the locality. A few days afterwards, says the New York Courier, he went out riding, when he was thrown from his horse and instantly killed. Of course no one knows where the money is, although it has been searched for very carefully.

Work for the Next Congress.—The National Legislature, at its next session, will have considerable service to perform in the way of creating new governments, State and Territorial. No less than four Territories and two States will ask recognition. The people of Southern Nebraska, disappointed in gaining annexation to Kansas, are moving for a State Government. The Governor is about to call an extra session of the Legislature, that the work may be regularly commenced. They intend to apply for admission in company with Kansas. In addition, the people of Jefferson, Arizona, Dacotah, and Nevada, are also anxious for Territorial Governments.

There was another very fine Aurora on Thursday night last. The Aurora of Sunday night extended as far South as Alexandria and Washington, but not to Richmond. We hear of frost on that night in Michigan and Illinois, as well as in the Eastern States.

There was a third display of the Aurora Borealis on the night of the 2d. The Aurora of the 1st was so brilliant after midnight that ordinary print could be read by its light. It considerably impeded the working of the telegraph lines, and its effects were continued up to noon of the 2d. The auroral current from east to west was so regular that the operators on the eastern lines could send messages to this city without the usual batteries being applied. The same extraordinary effect was apparent on the National Telegraph wires between this city and Pittsburg.

A Finger Pointing Out the Guilty.—P. Yancey is on trial at Louisville, Ky., for horse stealing. One point of evidence against the accused is a *piece of his finger*. Just before he stole the horse his finger was taken off by the knife of a cutting box, and one Young got possession of it, and has kept it for more than a year. Young produced the piece, and it was discovered that it fitted exactly.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Sept. 3, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
Relief notes	¼ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All bks	uncertain
Baltimore	¼ dis	LOUISIANA.	
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
NEW YORK.		OHIO.	
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
MAINE.		KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		INDIANA.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	State bank	¼ dis
VERMONT.		ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	3 dis
CONNECTICUT.		MISSOURI.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		TENNESSEE.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Old bks	2½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.		MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
VIRGINIA.		WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		TEXAS.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.		CANADA.	
Solv bks	½ to 1 dis	Solv bks	1 dis

An American Trotter Astonishing the British.—The Northern Times, of August 12th, says: "The hitherto unaccomplished feat of trotting 20 miles within an hour (in England) was performed yesterday by a horse called 'Jack Rossiter,' (an American.) He was handled by a Yankee jockey, specially brought over for the occasion."

In the suit of the State against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, for the payment of the tonnage tax, Judge Pearson delivered an able opinion, deciding the suit against the Company. It will be carried higher.

Mr. Dickens, it is said, declines to come to America. He cannot afford, at any price, to leave England (and "All the Year Round") for the time which his voyages and tour would occupy.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts of Flour are on the increase, but the demand continues extremely light. The week's transactions reach about 5000 bbls, mostly taken in small lots for export, at $5@5,25 for superfine, the latter for good straight brands, including some at a shade less; 400 bbls on terms kept private; 100 bbls Brandywine at $5,50; 750 bbls extra at $5,50@5,75; 200 bbls choice do at $6; 200 bbls fancy Kentucky family Flour at $6,50; 450 bbls sour Flour at $4, and 200 bbls middlings at $3,25 ₱ bbl. Rye Flour is scarce, and about 250 bbls sold at $3,75. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and Penna Meal is dull and nearly nominal at $3,62½, some 500 bbls having been sold at something less, and 400 bbls Brandywine on terms kept private.

GRAIN—The market has been fairly supplied with Wheat, but under a moderate demand for milling prices have ruled unsettled and in favor of the buyers. Sales of 25,000 bus at 95@105c for inferior; 115@120c for good and choice reds, and 119 to 132c for white, as in quality, the latter for handsome Kentucky. Rye continues in demand and scarce, and all offered sold at 70@72c for new Southern; 75@80c for Penna, the latter for old. Corn has been in good demand, but the market closes unsettled and rather lower, with sales of about 27,000 bus to note, mostly prime Southern yellow, at 82@86c, including some damaged lots at 75@77c, and white at 80a78c, in store and afloat. Oats are about stationary, and some 25,000 bus found buyers at 34@35c for new Southern, the latter for prime; 36c for Penna, and 37c for old do, mostly of the former description; the market closing rather less active.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stocks of barrelled meats are light, and the sales limited at $15,25@15,50 for mess pork, and $15@16 ₱ barrel for mess beef, the latter for city packed for ship's stores. For bacon the inquiry is better, part to go south, and about 500 casks sold at 10@12c for common and fancy hams, 7½@8c for shoulders, and 9½@10c for sides, closing firm at the latter figures. Of green meats about 400 casks have also been sold at 8½c for hams, and 7½@7¾c for shoulders, in salt, now held higher, the latter showing an advance on the rates current last week. Lard is firm, with small sales of barrels and tierces at 11¼@11¾c, and kegs at 12½c, short time. Butter moves off slowly, and we quote solid packed at 11@13c, the latter for choice lots. Cheese is quoted at 9@10c ₱ lb, and eggs at 13@14c ₱ doz, and the latter dull.

COTTON—The receipts and stocks continue light, and the market weak, buyers taking hold only to supply their immediate wants, at the rates now current, the week's sales reaching some 800@900 bales, in lots, at from 10½ to 13¾c for Uplands, and 12 to 14c for Gulfs, cash and time.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron is steady, and all offered, about 150 hhds, has been taken in lots, at $28@29 for first No 1, closing at the latter price, which is an advance. Of Tanners' Bark further sales of Chesnut Oak are reported at $11 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX continues scarce and in request, with further small receipts and sales at 36@38c ₱ lb. Buyers offer the former rate.

COAL—There has been very little doing this week for shipment; orders come in slowly, but prices are without any quotable change.

COFFEE—The stock in first hands is nearly exhausted and the market is better; the sales include only about 1500 bags Rio at 10@11c, mostly low grades, and some small lots of Laguayra at 12c, all on the usual terms.

COPPER continues dull, and of Sheathing we hear of no sales. Yellow Metal is steady, with further sales of American at 20c ₱ lb, 6 months.

FEATHERS are dull, and good Western sell slowly at 47@48c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—We notice further sales of Apples at $1,50@2,50 ₱ bbl, and Peaches at from 75c to $1,50 ₱ basket. Melons are plenty, and selling at low prices.

HEMP—The market continues at a stand, and we hear of no sales this week.

HIDES—There have been no further arrivals, and as buyers and sellers are apart in their views, all the late imports remain in store unsold.

HOPS are very dull, and we quote eastern and western nearly nominal at 9@14c ₱ lb, as in quality.

IRON—There has been rather more inquiry for pig metal, and holders if anything are firmer in their views; sales include about 1200 tons anthracite No 2, a good make, at $22½, and 1500 tons forge at $21, all on time; the latter price was refused for another lot of the same kind. Scotch pig is held at $24 on time, but there is very little offering or selling. Nothing doing in blooms or boiler iron worthy of notice. Rails and bars are steady in price.

LEAD has been quiet; sales of 1000 pigs Virginia are reported at $5,80 ₱ 100 lbs, equal to cash. A lot of Galena was also taken in a neighboring market to some here, at $5,75 ₱ 100 lbs.

LEATHER—Good stock is taken freely on arrival at former quotations, but other kinds are not much inquired for, and dull.

LUMBER—There is very little arriving, and we have only to note some sales of Susquehanna culling Boards at $14@18. Yellow Sap Boards are quoted at $14@15 ₱ M, and dull. Of Laths, 800,000 have been sold at $1,50@1,55 ₱ M, and Pickets at $6,75 for 4½ feet. Shingles continue very dull.

MOLASSES—The market has been very inactive, and the sales confined to some 300 hhds, mostly tart Cuba, at 20@21c, usual terms.

SEEDS—There is very little Cloverseed offering, and a few small sales only are reported at $5,44@5,56 ₱ bus; 400 bags have been taken from second hands to go out of the market, on terms kept private. Of Timothy, small sales are also reported at $2,62½@2,70 ₱ bus, and 300 bags prime at $2,75 ₱ bus. Domestic Flaxseed is coming in more freely, and sales are making at $1,63@1,65 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—There is not much doing in Brandy or Gin, and no changes to notice. N E Rum is steady at 36@37. Whiskey is rather unsettled at the close, sales, however, to some extent, have been made during the week at 25@26c for Drudge; 27@28c for Penna, Ohio and Prison bbls, and 26½@27c for hhds.

SUGARS—The market opened firmer, and rather more active, and the trade have been buying at fully former rates. Sales include some 800 hhds, mostly in small lots, at 6@6½c for Cuba; 6¼c@7c for Porto Rico, and 6¾@7¼c for N Orleans, on the usual credit.

TALLOW is quiet, with a small business only to notice in City Rendered at 10½@11c ₱ lb, holders generally asking the latter rate.

TOBACCO—The transactions in both Leaf and Manufactured have been limited, and prices about the same.

WOOL—The market is firmer, and rather more active. Quite a number of Eastern buyers have been looking round, but as yet the purchases have been light, including fleece in lots at from 38 to 40c for common up, 55 to 62½c for the best lots of fleece.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week was very good, and prices remained about the same. The following lots were disposed of at the Avenue Drove Yard:—108 head I Abraham, Ohio, 9@9½; 34 McCleas, Chester co, 8½@9½; 18 Cournin, do, 8½@9½; 170 Mooney & Smith, Ohio and Va, 8@9½; 29 D Gemmill, Del co, 7@9; 41 Murphy & Co, Va, 8@9½; 67 Cham, Fayette co, 8@9; 31 Night & Co, Ohio, 9½; 12 Coates, Chester co, 8½@9½.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—19 head W Forrest, Chester co, 8½@9½; 82 Cochran & McCall, Va, 8@9½; 21 Jesse Miller, Chester co, 8@9½; 60 B Seldomridge, Ills, common, 4@4½; 16 J Gheen, Phila co, 8½@9; 25 Hathaway & McFillin, Chester co, 8½@9½.

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THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:—

LOANS.	Bid.	Askd.
U S 6 pr ct, 1868		
" " '62	106	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	108	—
" 5 " coupon '74	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	98½	—
" " new	102½	103
" 5 "	—	94½
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	—	55
Allegh City 6 pr ct	65	73
" County	—	—
R R issue	42½	—
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	91½	92
Penn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	90	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	89½	—
Ohio " 1860	103½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	98½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct		
new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 6's-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	135	—
Philadelphia	140	140
Penn Mut	57	—
Commercial	42½	43½
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	27	27½
Southwark	69	—
P Township	35	36
Kensington	64	65
Girard	47½	—
Western	—	60
Man & Mec	27	28
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	23½	—
City	42½	—
Consolidation	24½	25
Commonwealth	25	—
Corn Exchange	29½	—
Germantown	—	58
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	56	—
Exchange "	54	—
Kentucky, Ky	115	—
Northern "	—	—
Louisville "	114	—
Farmers "	120	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	105	—
Planters "	112	—
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	23½	—
Lehigh Zinc	4	7½
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	—	—
N America Ins'co	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	31
Southwark and Frankford R R	60	62
Bonds	—	90

RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.	Bid.	Askd.
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	99½	100
2nd "	88	—
stock		
Interest off	30½	30½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	95
stock	118	120
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	81½	82
mort 6's '44	89	91
" '56	69½	70
stock	21½	22
Lehigh Valley R R		
mort 6 pr ct	93½	—
stock	50	50
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	33	36
6 pr ct loan, '60	93	—
Ches Val R R, '73	90½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	95
Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	51	52
2nd "	—	15
stock	11	15
Catawissa	3	6
Beaver Meadow stock	50	56½
preferred 10 pr ct	53	—
North Penn'a R R stock	83	84
6 pr ct loan	—	91
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock	51½	52
6 pr ct loan	97	100½
Minehill R R	56	56½
Har & Lan R R stock	56	56½
bonds '93	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	15	16
Long Island R R stock	10½	10½
bonds	8	85
Erie R R stock	7½	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central	72½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	84	—
Michigan Southern	70	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	80	80½
imp. 6 pr ct	75	—
stock	9	9
preferred	17	17½
Lehigh Nav stock	48½	49
mort 6 pr ct	90	—
scrip	25	25½
Morris Consol'd	51	52½
preferred	—	105
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	77½	—
Union	—	30
bonds	29	31
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1879	2½	4
	30	32

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Sept. 3.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour heavy; sales of 10,000 bbls at $4@4,40 for State, $4,90@5,35 for Ohio, and $4,90@5,15 for Southern. Wheat lower; 12,000 bus sold at $1,41 for Western white, and $1,50 for Kentucky. Corn has an advancing tendency; 80,000 bus sold at 83½c for Yellow. Provisions quiet. Lard firm at 18½@11c. Whisker is ½c lower, at 26c.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. Thomas J. Frame, of Georgetown, Del. to Miss Maggie R. Tindall, of this city.

On the 3d of July, by the Rev. And. Manship, Mr. Overton Howard, to Miss Mary H. Craig, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. Charles E. Sharpless, to Miss Caroline Nickert.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Kendl, John Heimer, to Miss Eliza Lee, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. Robert Gilchriest, to Miss Annie Holmes, both of this city.

On the 16th of Dec. last, by the Rev. S. Nelson, Benjamin F. Johnson, to Miss Sue, daughter of John M. Gibbs, Esq. of Kensington.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Laughlin, Mr. Bernard J. McDermott, to Miss Margaret E. Smith, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. William Jacobs, to Miss Maggie Myers, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st ult., after a lingering illness, Mrs. Julia Ann Milnor, aged 43 years.

At Muskegon, Michigan, July 18th, Mrs. Sarah E. wife of T. F. Trowbridge, in her 23d year.

On the 30th ultimo, Mary Harris, wife of Danl. P. Bussier.

On the 30th ultimo, William H. Hill, aged 42 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Samuel Day, aged 76.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. Sarah Wilson, aged 66 years.

On the 27th ultimo, George W. Smith, aged 23 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Hamlet Pearson, aged 46 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. Hannah Alcott, aged 24 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Elizabeth, wife of John Ditman, aged 25 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Miss Mary Kennedat, aged 71 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Jane, wife of Geo. McIntire, aged 63 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Mr. Robert Andrews, aged 56 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Miss, wife of John Hawkins, aged 61 years.

On the 25th ultimo, Maria C. Fehring, aged 37 years.

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Agricultural.

OUR FARM OF FOUR ACRES.

AND

THE MONEY WE MADE BY IT.

CHAPTER III.

OUR SECOND COW.

We soon found that we could not expect to supply our family with butter from one cow, and we thought that, as we had to perform the duties of dairy-women, we might as well have the full benefit of our labor. We, therefore, purchased another cow; but before doing so, were advised not this time to have a Welsh one, but to give more money and have a larger animal. This we did, and bought a very handsome strawberry-colored one, for which, with the calf, we gave £15; and here it will be as well to say that we think it was £5 thrown away, for in no respect did she prove more valuable than the black one, for which we had given but £10. For a small dairy, we think the black Welsh cow answers as well, or better, than any other. The price is very small, and, judging from our own, they are very profitable. They are also much hardier than those of a larger breed, and may be kept out all the winter, excepting when snow is on the ground.

After our new cow had been in our possession just a week, we received one morning the unwelcome intelligence that the "new cow" was very bad. We went into the meadow, and saw the poor creature looking certainly as we had been told, "very bad." We asked our factotum what was the matter with her. To this he replied, that he did not know, but that he had sent for a man who was "very clever in cows."

In a short time this clever man arrived, bringing with him a friend, likewise learned in cattle. He went to see the patient, and returned to us looking very profound.

"A bad job!" said he, with a shake of the head worthy of Sheridan's Lord Burleigh. "A bad job, indeed! and you only bought her last market-day. Well, it can't be helped."

"But what ails her?" said I.

"What ails her! why she's got the lung disease."

"But what is that?" said I.

"What's that! why, it's what kills lots of cows; takes 'em off in two or three days. You must sell her for what she'll fetch. Perhaps you may get a couple of pounds for her. I'll get rid of her for you."

"But," said H., "if she has the 'lung disease' you talk of, you tell us she must die."

"Yes; she'll die, sure enough."

"Well, then, who will buy a cow that is sure to be dead to-morrow or next day?"

"Oh, that's no concern of yours! You get rid of her, that's all."

To this dictum we rather demurred, and resolved to send for a cow-doctor, and see if she could be cured; if not, to take care she was not converted, after her death, into "country sausages," for the benefit of London consumers of those dainties. Our friendly counsellor was very indignant at our perversity in not getting rid of a cow with "the lung disease," and stumped out of the yard in a fit of virtuous indignation. With proper treatment the cow soon got well.

We still had occasional trouble with our butter-making; sometimes it would come in half an hour, sometimes we were hard at work with the churn for two or three hours, and then the butter was invariably bad. We tried to procure information on the subject, and asked several farmers' wives in the neighborhood "how long butter ought to be in coming?" We always received the same answer:

"Why you see, ma'm, that depends."

"Well," we asked, "what does it depend on?"

"Oh, on lots of things."

"Well, tell us some of the things on which it depends."

"Why, you see it's longer coming in hot weather, and it's longer coming in cold weather, and it depends on how long the cow has calved, and how you churn, and on lots beside."

We found we must endeavor to discover for ourselves the reason why we were half an hour in getting it one day, and the next, perhaps, two or three hours.

As the weather became colder we found it more troublesome, and one frosty day we churned four hours without success. We put in cold water, we put in hot, we put in salt; we talked of adding vinegar, but did not; we churned as fast as we could turn the handle, and then as slowly as possible, but still no butter. At the end of more than four hours our labors were rewarded. The butter came; strong, rank stuff it was.

We determined before the next churning day to try and find out the reason of all this trouble. We once more took to our books, but were none the wiser, for none of them told us anything about the particular thing we searched for. After many experiments we tried the effect of bringing the cream into the kitchen over night, and see if warmth would make any difference. It was guess work for two or three churnings, but the discovery was made at last, that we were always sure of our butter in half an hour, provided the cream was, when put into the churn, at a temperature of from 50° to 60°.* No matter how long the cow had calved, how hot or how cold the weather, if we put the cream into the churn at that degree of heat, the butter was sure to come, in as near as possible the time we have specified.

This, in the winter, was effected by bringing the cream-pot into the kitchen over night; and if the weather was very cold, placing it on a chair a moderate distance from the fire for about a quarter of an hour in the morning: boiling water was likewise put into the churn for half an hour before it was used.

* We kept a small thermometer for the purpose of plunging into the cream-pot. If it was lower than 55 deg. we waited till it reached that degree; if the weather was very warm, and it rose higher than we have specified we did not attempt to churn till, by some means, we had lowered it to the proper temperature.

Now, no doubt, a regular dairymaid would "turn up her nose" at all these details; but I do not write for those who know their business, but for the benefit of those ladies who, as is now so much the custom, reside a few miles from the city or town in which the business or profession of their husbands may be situated. In many cases they take with them town-bred servants to a country residence; and then, like ourselves, they find they know nothing whatever of the duties required of them. To those who have several acres of pasture land, of course this little book is all "bosh." They employ servants who know their work and perform it properly; but most "suburbans" require the cook to undertake the duties of the dairy, and unless they are regular country servants they neither do their work well nor willingly. If any lady, who has one or two cows, will instruct her servant to follow our directions, she will always be sure of good butter, with very little trouble. All that is required is a churn, milk-pans, (at the rate of three to each cow,) a milk-pail, a board (or better still, a piece of marble,) to make the butter up on, a couple of butter-boards, such as are used in the shops to roll it into form, and a crock for the cream.

In the next chapter we will give, as concisely as we can, the whole process that we ourselves used in our dairy.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW TO MAKE BUTTER.

Let the cream be at the temperature of 55° to 60°; if the weather is cold, put boiling water into the churn for half an hour before you want to use it; when that is poured off, strain in the cream through a butter-cloth. When the butter is coming, which is easily ascertained by the sound, take off the lid, and with one of the flat boards scrape down the sides of the churn; and do the same to the lid; this prevents waste. When the butter is come, the butter-milk is to be poured off and spring-water put in the churn, and turned for two or three minutes; this is to be then poured away, and fresh added, and again the handle turned for a minute or two. Should there be the least appearance of milkiness when this is poured from the churn, more is to be put in. This we found was a much better mode of extracting all the butter-milk than placing it in a pan under the pump, as we did when we commenced our labors. The butter is then to be placed on the board or marble, and salted to taste; then, with a cream-cloth, wrung out of spring-water, press all the moisture from it. When it appears quite dry and firm, make it up into rolls with the flat boards. The whole process should be completed in three-quarters of an hour.

We always used a large tub, which was made for the purpose, and every article we were going to use was soaked in it for half an hour in boiling water; then that removed, and cold spring-water substituted; and the things we required remained in it till they were wanted. This prevents the butter from adhering to the boards, cloth, &c., which would render the task of "making it up" both difficult and disagreeable.

In hot weather, instead of bringing the cream-crock into the kitchen, it must be kept as cool as possible; for as it is essential in the winter to raise the temperature of the cream to the degree I have stated, so in the summer it must be lowered to it. Should your dairy not be cool enough for the purpose, it is best effected by keeping the cream-pot in water as cold as you can procure it, and by making the butter early in the morning, and placing cold water in the churn some time before it is used. By following these directions you will have good butter throughout the year.

The cows should be milked as near the dairy as possible, as it prevents the cream from rising well if the milk is carried any distance.* It should be at once strained into the milk-pans, and not disturbed for forty-eight hours in winter and twenty-four in summer. In hot weather it is highly important that the cream should be perfectly strained from the milk, or it will make it very rank. Half-a-dozen moderate-sized lumps of sugar to every two quarts of cream tend to keep it sweet. In summer always churn twice a week. Some persons imagine that cream cannot be "too sweet," but that is a mistake; it must have a certain degree of acidity, or it will not produce butter, and if put into the churn without it, must be beaten with the paddles till it acquires it. The cream should, in the summer, be shifted each morning into a clean crock, that has first been well scalded and then soaked in cold water; and the same rule applies to all the utensils used in a dairy. The best things to scrub the churn and all wooden articles with, are wood-ashes and plenty of soap.

In some parts of the country, the butter made by the farmers' wives for sale, is not washed at all; they say, "It washes all the taste away." They remove it from the churn, and then taking it in their hands, dash it repeatedly on the board; that is what they call "smiting" it. The butter so made is always strong, and of two colors, as a portion of the butter-milk remains in it; if any of it were put into a cup, and that placed in hot water for the purpose of clarifying, there would when it was melted, be found a large deposit of butter-milk at the bottom of the cup. We have tried the butter made our way, and there was scarcely any residuum.

Besides, this "smiting" is a most disgusting process to witness. In warm weather the butter adheres to the hands of the "smiter," who puffs and blows over it as if it were very hard work. Indeed I once heard a strong-looking girl, daughter of a small farmer in Kent, say she was never well, for "smiting" the butter was such dreadful hard work it gave her a pain in her side. After this "smiting" is over it is put on a butter-print, and pressed with the hands till it is considered to have received the impression. It is then, through a small hole in the handle, blown off the print with the *mouth*.

I don't think I shall ever again eat butter which appears at table with the figures of cows, flowers &c., stamped on it. I should always think of the process it has gone through for the sake of looking pretty. Nearly all the fresh butter which is sold in London, is made up in large rolls, and, like that we make ourselves, need not be touched by the fingers of the maker.

* In very cold weather the milk-pans must be placed by the fire some time before the milk is strained into them, or the cream will not rise.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT WE MADE BY OUR COWS.

Every week we kept an account of the milk and butter we consumed, and entered it in our housekeeping book at the price we should have paid for it, supposing we had purchased the articles. We did not put down London prices, but country ones; thus we charged ourselves with milk at 3d. the quart, and butter 1s. 3d. the pound; at the end of six months we made up our accounts, and found we should have paid for milk from the 14th of July to the 24th of January, £9 3s. 4d., and £14 3s. for butter. The food for the cows during this period cost us but 18s., which we paid for oil-cake; of which, when the weather became cold, they had two pounds each daily. We do not reckon the value of the hay they consumed during the winter, because we included the land in our rent. We mowed three acres, which produced rather more than six loads of hay.* Getting in the crop and thatching it, cost, as nearly as possible, £3, and this quantity was quite sufficient to supply the two cows—with the calf of the Strawberry, which we reared—and the pony.

An acre of grass is usually considered sufficient to support a cow during the year. If that had to be rented apart from the house, the average price would be about £5. Supposing we place that value on our land, the accounts for six months would stand thus:—

EXPENSES.

Land at £5 the acre for half a year,	£5	0	0
Oil-cake,	0	18	0
Half the expenses of getting in the hay,	1	10	0
	£7	8	0

PRODUCE.

Value of milk and butter,	£23	6	4

Leaving a balance in our favor at the end of six months of £15 18s. 4d.

At the commencement of the winter, a cow-keeper in the neighborhood told our man that we should give our cows a little mangel-wurzel. We inquired, why? and were told that we should "keep our cows better together;" so we paid a guinea for a ton of that vegetable. The first time we made butter after they had been fed with it, we found it had a very strong, bitter taste. Still we did not condemn the mangel-wurzel, but tried it another week. The butter was again bad, so we abandoned the roots and resolved to give the animals nothing but hay.

When they were quite deprived of green food the milk began to decrease, and as we had heard that oil-cake was given to cattle, we thought we would try some. We did so, and with complete success; we had plenty of milk, and the butter was as good as in the middle of summer, and nearly as fine a color. We did not make so much as when the cows had plenty of grass,—besides, it was now several months since the black cow had calved,—but we had sufficient for the consumption of the family. The children, it is true, did not have so many tarts as when both fruit and butter were more plentiful.

We hope that we have made all our statements clearly, and that the reader will have no difficulty in following us through this narrative of "butter-making."

Of one thing we are quite sure, that it is false economy to feed cows during the winter on anything but what we have mentioned. Grains from the brewer and distiller are extensively used by cow-keepers in large towns, but they cannot be procured in the country; and we have been told that cows fed with grains, though they may yield plenty of milk, will not make much butter.

One winter, when hay was scarce, we found that they did very well with carrots occasionally, and that they did not impart any unpleasant taste to the butter. They are likewise fond of potatoes unboiled, but these things are only required when you keep more stock than your land can support—a fault very common to inexperienced farmers on a small scale.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR PIGS.

We had every reason to be satisfied with the profit we had derived from our dairy, and next proceeded to examine the accounts we had kept of our pigs for six months.

We commenced by purchasing on the 14th of July, one for which we paid 30s. For the first month it had nothing but the wash from the house, the skim-milk from the dairy, and greens from the garden. When we began to dig the potatoes, we found we could not hope to save the whole crop from the disease; we had, therefore, a quantity boiled and put in the pig-tub, and upon these it was fed another month. At the end of that time we began to give it a little meal and a few peas. It was killed three months after we had purchased it, and the cost for meal and peas was just 10s. Thus, altogether, we paid for it £2, and when killed it weighed thirteen stone. This we reckoned worth 5s. 6d. the stone, which made the value of the meat £3 11s. 6d.; we had, therefore, a clear profit of £1 11s. 6d. Of course, it would have been very different had we bought all the food for it; but the skim-milk and vegetables from the garden would have been wasted, had we been without a pig to consume them; as it was, the profit arose from our "Farm of Four Acres."

These particulars are given for the reason that the writer has frequently heard her friends in the country say, "Oh, I never keep either pigs or poultry: the pork and the fowls always cost twice the price they can be purchased for." This we could never understand, when the despisers of home-cured hams and home-fed poultry used to assert it. Supposing there was no actual profit, still it seemed strange that those who had the option of eating pork fed on milk and vegetables, and fowls which were running about the meadows a few hours before they were killed, should prefer those which are kept in close confinement and crammed with candle-graves and other abominations, till they are considered what dealers call "ripe" enough to kill; and as for pork, much of that which is sold in towns is fed on the offal from the butchers' shops, and other filth. It is well known that pigs will eat anything in the shape of animal food; and, for myself, I would much rather, like the Jew and the Turk, abjure it altogether, than partake of meat fed as pork too commonly is. How few people can eat this meat with impunity! but they might do so if the animal had been properly fed.

It is a great mistake to make pork so fat as it usually is: it is not only great waste, but deters many persons from partaking of it. Servants will not eat it, and those who purchase it, as well as those who kill their own pigs, may be certain that the surplus fat finds its way into the "wash-tub," for the benefit of a future generation of "piggies."

Our next venture proved equally fortunate. We bought three small pigs, for which we gave 12s. each; and as we wished to have pickled pork and small hams, they were killed off as we required them. The first cost 8s. for barley meal and peas, and weighed six stone, which, at 5s. 6d. a stone, was worth £1 13s. As the cost of the pig and food came to just £1, we had but a profit of 13s.; but we considered we had no right to complain: the meat was delicious, and partaken of by the children as freely as if it had been mutton.

We kept the other pigs somewhat longer, and they cost us no more for food; for, as I have already stated, they were entirely kept with the produce of our "Four Acre Farm," till about three weeks before they were killed. About a bushel and a-half of barley meal and a peck of peas were all that was purchased for them.

The best way to insure the healthy condition of the animals is to let them have the range of a small meadow; they should likewise be occasionally well scrubbed with soap and water. If they are thus treated, how much more wholesome must the meat be than when the poor creatures are shut up in dirty styes, and suffered to eat any garbage which is thrown to them? We always had all their food boiled. At first there was a great deal of opposition to the "muck" being introduced into the scullery; but in a little time that was overcome, and a "batch" of potatoes used to be boiled in the copper about once a month. When the skim-milk was removed from the dairy, it was taken to the "trough," and some of it mixed with a portion of the boiled potatoes, and with this food they were fed three times daily.

We have been told by a practical farmer on a larger scale, that when potatoes are not to be procured, a pig of thirty-five stone may be fattened in ten days on something less than two hundred weight of carrots. We intend to try if this is the case, and have half an acre of our orchard (which is arable) sown with carrot-seed, and feed our "stock" in the winter with the produce. With the surplus milk of two cows we find we can always keep three pigs with very little expense. Of course, if we did not plant plenty of potatoes, we must purchase more meal for them; but as we have an acre of kitchen-garden, we can very well spare half of it to grow roots for the cows and pigs. We do not reckon labor in our expenses, as we must have had a gardener, even if we had not so much spare ground, for our flower-garden and green-house require daily work.

We hope we have convinced those who may think of having a "little place" a few miles from town, that it may be made a source of profit as well as of amusement, and that any trouble which may be experienced by the lady superintending her own dairy and farm will be repaid by having her table well supplied with good butter, plenty of fresh eggs, (of the poultry-yard we shall speak presently,) well-cured hams, bacon, delicate and fresh pork, well-fed ducks and chickens. All those country dainties are easily to be procured on a "farm of four acres."

Nor must another item be omitted—health; for if you wish to be fortunate in your farming, you must look after things yourself, and that will necessitate constant exercise in the open air. We think that we have given full particulars for the management of the cow and pig.

In the next chapter we will relate our experience of the poultry-yard.

* We always had good crops, as the land had been always well kept. It was not "upland" hay, but our man said it had good "heart" in it for the cows.

SEEKING INFORMATION.

"Can you direct me to the —— Hotel?" inquired a gentleman, with a carpet bag in hand, of a burly Hibernian, standing on the steps of a railway station.

"Faix, an' it's jist meself that can do that same," replied Paddy; "you see, you jist go up that strate, till you come to Teddy O'Mulligan's shop; thin—"

"But I don't know where Teddy O'Mulligan's shop is."

"Och, an' sure I didn't think uv that. Well, then, yer honor must kape on till ye git to the apple-woman's stand, on the corner of the brick church it is, an' kape that on the right an' go till ye git to the sign of the red cow—an' mind ye don't fall down there away—thin ye go on till ye git to the sign uv the big watch, kape that on the lift; thin ye kape on a little furder till ye come to a big tree, an' afther that ye turn to the right or lift—be the bones uv St. Patrick, I don't know which; thin—"

The traveller turned in despair to a long, lank, slab-sided looking Jonathan, who was standing close by, whittling with all fury, and made the same inquiry. But here he was little better off.

"Maybe you're gwine to put up there?" was the response of Jonathan.

"I intend to," said the traveller, "if I can get at it."

"Did you come from far off?"

"Yes, from Philadelphia," was the impatient reply; "but can you tell me where the—"

"Got any more baggage?" said the imperturable whittler.

"No, this is all," said the traveller, convinced that the only way to get the direction was to submit to the questioning.

"Gwine to stay long?"

"Couldn't say," was the reply, in rather a crusty manner. "But I'm in a hurry, and would like to be directed to—"

"Wait a minute. I reckon you're a married man, an't ye?"

"No, I am not. And now I won't answer any more of your impertinent queries, till you have satisfied me where I can find the—"

"Wal, squire," quoth the Yankee, cool as a cucumber, "I'd like to oblige you; but the truth is, I'm a stranger, and have never been in them diggin's myself. But you can inquire at—"

"Oh, you go to the ——!" said the traveller, smartly turning upon his heel.

In less than a minute, a carpet-bag with a man attached, was seen hurrying away from said "diggin's," fully convinced that asking directions in such a quarter, was of no particular advantage.

☞ To have a mother, is almost half of life itself.—*Beecher.*

Useful Receipts.

RATS.—A correspondent of the *Gardener's Monthly* says: "I tried the effect of introducing into the entrance of their numerous holes, runs, or hiding places, small portions of chloride of lime, or bleaching powder, wrapped in calico and stuffed into the entrance holes, and thrown loose by spoonsful into the drain from the house. This drove the rats away for a twelvemonth, when they returned to it. They were treated in the same manner with like effect. The cure was most complete. I presume it was the chlorine gas which did not agree with their olfactories."

HORSES WITH HUMOURY MANES AND TAILS.—The gentleman who asks for a recipe for humoury manes and tails, will find 1 oz. of sulphate of copper (powdered) added to 4 oz. of powdered linseed, and a sufficient quantity of lard added to form a mass, and divide it into 1 oz. balls, one to be given every other day, after he has administered about five or six, ensure a certain cure.—*London Field.*

HOW TO MAKE PICKLES.—When cutting from the vines, leave half an inch of stem attached to the cucumber; pack them in a stone jar, being careful not to break the little prickles which cover them; add sufficient vinegar to thoroughly immerse the whole, and repeat the process from day to day till you have obtained the quantity you desire; then add a small bag of mustard-seed and cloves, covering the whole with horseradish roots, scraped and split into small pieces. Should any traces of a scum appear, add more horseradish immediately, as a good supply of that is a sure preservative, and "A Lover of Good Pickles" will find them as nice at the end of two years as one.—*N. E. Farmer.*

BEAN SOUP.—Boil the beans for soup in the usual way, but only in water, seasoned with salt and and pepper to taste, and herbs if you like. When ready to take up, cut a couple of large slices of light, stale bread into pieces half an inch square; add a lump of good sweet butter, size of a hen's egg, (or more, if you have much soup,) and fry it on the stove or roast it in the oven. When brown and crisp put it in the soup tureen, pour the bean soup over it and serve.

BUTTERMILK PIE.—Three pints of buttermilk, two eggs, four table-spoonfuls of sugar, a tea-spoonful of flour stirred into the milk, and half a nutmeg; stir well together, and bake like a custard pie.

A NICE TEA CAKE.—Beat the white of four eggs to a light froth; beat the yolks of the same with a cup and a-half of sugar, one cup of sour cream, half a cup of butter; flavor with lemon. A little soda; flour to make a stiff batter.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 1, 15, 25, 11, was Emperor and King of Portugal.
My 3, 7, 16, 22, 26, 6, was one of the most eloquent and intrepid defenders of French liberty.
My 5, 17, 22, 2, 9, 24, was Cardinal of York.
My 8, 26, 15, was one of the Popes of Rome.
My 10, 14, 8, 2, 9, 14, was a King of England.
My 12, 2, 21, 27, 7, 6, was a Roman Emperor.
My 13, 17, 28, 10, 6, 9, 21, 14, was a King of England.
My 16, 12, 9, 15, was a Roman Emperor.
My 18, 22, 5, 24, 7, 20, 10, 22, 27, was a King of Sardinia.
My 23, 28, 19, 6, 29, 30, was a King of Spain.
My 25, 29, 4, 9, 13, was a King of Syracuse.
My 30, 1, 12, 2, was a Signer of the Declaration of American Independence.

My whole is the name and the last exclamation of one of the most distinguished American naval commanders.

St. Louis, Mo. JOHN KENNARD, Jr.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 15, 12, 11, is a celebrated French General.
My 13, 16, 5, 6, 7, 14, is what every one ought to possess.
My 19, 20, 8, 1, 3, 8, is a drink.
My 4, 7, 18, 5, 8, is a valuable Cuban production.
My 9, 12, 8, 22, 2, is what all must meet.
My 10, 11, 3, 8, is a noted doctor in Massachusetts.
My 21, 5, 18, 16, 22, 1, 5, 8, 16, 7, 4, is one of the constellations.
My 17, 8, 8, 26, was a cruel Prince.

My whole is what ought to be in every family in the United States. DODGE.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 30, 5, 10, 25, 36, 4, 21, 15, is well known to the readers of the Post
My 13, 32, 28, 13, 29, 23, is an animal.
My 1, 12, 31, 26, is a species of vegetation.
My 14, 9, 6, 14, 16, 33, is a fallen race.
My 34, 2, 8, 35, 17, in the staff of life.
My 6, 27, 20, is a terrible annoyance.
My 22, 19, 5, 12, is a number.
My 24, 11, 16, 7, is part of the body.
My 34, 18, 22, 8, is the largest half.

My whole surprised the people of America.

Maumee City, O. F. T. LANE.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 8, 10, 6, is a quadruped.
My 20, 11, 4, 22, 14, 8, is a shell fish.
My 3, 5, 8, 22, 2, is one of the elements.
My 20, 3, 16, 20, is one of the United States.
My 1, 8, 20, 7, 22, is a kind of fish.
My 21, 10, 17, 5, 15, 6, 20, 17, 16, 20, is a river in Texas.
My 10, 7, 21, 6, 16, 15, is a city in Texas.
My 19, 20, 8, 6, 12, 8, is a pleasant drink.
My 13, is an abbreviation for the pronoun "you" in the Spanish language.
My 9, 20, 18, is a domestic animal.

My whole we could not do without.

San Antonio, Texas. PLUTO.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Though thunderbolts were o'er it thrown,
And raging torrents round it dowed;
Upon the boisterous waves, alone,
My first, unwrecked, in safety rode.

My second, far away from this,
On golden harp is said to play,
In mansions of ecstatic bliss,
In realms of never ending day.

My whole shall come, you will agree,
And stand upon the sea and shore,
And swear that time shall cease to be,
Forever and forever more.

Kilgore, O. A. PEABODY.

ANAGRAMS

On Counties and Towns of Pennsylvania.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Baron Sargu.	Ter Po Sa.
Cri Eld, Flea.	Yes, Ker.
Ana Dwot.	Ann Ting Tik.
Dan!. Bucerm.	Tre Top.
Seam To.	Sum Bu Soc.
No Saled, Eh.	Me Set Sor.
Hamely.	W. K. ALRICKS.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A grindstone weighing 364 pounds was accidentally broken into six pieces; the least piece weighing 1 pound, and by changing the pieces as weights on a pair of scales, it was possible to weigh any number of pounds from 1 to 364 inclusive. What was the weight of the 5 larger pieces respectively?

Macomb Co., Mich. OLD TEACHER.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is *Decup's* search for money like a barren tree? ANS.—Because it is fruitless.

☞ Why is a fool's speech like a poor man's pocket? ANS.—Because it wants sense (cents).

☞ Why is a poor versifier like giving away to "drink" when in difficulties? ANS.—Because he makes bad—worse (bad verse.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Taxation and representation are inseparable. CHARADE—Henry Havelock (Hen-rye Have-lock). ANAGRAMS—Borneo, London, Dublin, Washington, Iceland, Paris, Europe, Charleston, Edinburg, Athens, North America, China. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION Distance from post to the corner of eaves 20 feet. Length of rafter reaching to the middle of one side, 15.62 feet. Length of rafter reaching to the middle of the end, 18.86 feet. Length of rafters reaching to the corners of the end, 22.36 feet.

☞ I send the Answer to Artemas Martin's Problem, published April 30th, none, I believe, having been sent:—Sides of triangle, 150, 140, 130 rods; radius of inscribed circle, 40 rods; radius of the circle which B must describe from the two shorter sides of the meadow to cut off one-half of the meadow; cost of A's fence, $156.273; cost of B's, $169.363.

W. H. COLEMAN.

Pittsfield, Berkshire Co., Mass.